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JOHN BULL

Vol. XXXII. No. 858. SATURDAY, OCTOBER 21, 1922. TWOPENCE.

Edited by CHARLES PILLEY

Mohawk's Turkish "Lido" Cigarettes

Have the pleasing properties of the world-famed Dubec growth of Turkish Tobacco.

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Have you got your job yet?

The Next Prime Minister

by

A. G. GARDINER

IF RHEUMATIC

DISSOLVE THIS IN YOUR MORNING TEA

Then watch the pains, aches, swellings, stiffness and other misery disappear. They simply HAVE to go, says ALICE LANDLES, certified nurse.

RHEUMATISM can be caused in but one way. That is by acids and impurities in the blood. It is a universally admitted and easily provable fact that various organic or other ills and weaknesses are directly due to toxins, germs, acids, or other impurities. For instance, uric acid causes gout, sciatica, neuritis, etc., whereas stomach acids cause dyspepsia. In fact, most other ailments—ranging all the way from tuberculosis to a common cold—have definitely been traced to blood impurities, germs and toxins of one kind or another. Chemical analysis and microscopic examination of the blood prove this beyond the possibility of doubt or argument, as any standard medical work will explain in detail. Of course, various conditions, such as exposure to cold and dampness, or committing certain errors of diet, can make rheumatism worse, but the primary cause always remains the same. Therefore, trying to get rid of rheumatism without ridding your blood and system of the acidulous impurities which directly cause this physical calamity, is exactly like trying to get rid of smoke without putting out the fire. Pain-causing and kidney-irritating uric acid is no different from any other acid in that *it must be neutralised by some alkaline liquid.* Nothing else can have just the same effect, this being an elementary principle of chemistry, of course. It naturally follows that to dissolve, neutralise and wash out the rheumatic acids the liquids you drink must contain the necessary alkaline elements to be absorbed into the blood and act upon the acids.

IF YOUR KIDNEYS ONLY HAD WINDOWS.

Then the cause of Backache, Rheumatism, Gout, Sciatica, Lumbago, Neuritis, Bright's Disease, Dropsy, Diabetes, etc., would be no mystery, and you would know what to do.

If you could only look into the kidneys and see the appalling amount of damage inflicted upon the delicate cells by uric acid and other impurities! About a quart of blood passes through every twenty seconds, and healthy kidneys normally filter out of this and excrete during every twenty-four hours more than an ounce of uric acid, lime, urate of soda, and various other mineral impurities in solution. The trouble is that these acids, mineral salts, etc., accumulate rapidly, and *do not stay in solution* when weakened or deranged kidneys stop filtering them out regularly. Instead of remaining melted and in liquid form *they deposit as tiny sharp crystals.* These grind about in the blood vessels, greatly irritate the kidneys, and lodge in joints or tissues, also in certain nerve sheaths, particularly those of the back and legs. As already stated, blood analysis and the microscope prove this conclusively. A still better way to prove it is by drinking a medicinal water containing strongly alkaline elements, which are soon absorbed into the blood and quickly dissolve, neutralise and wash the acids and impurities out through the kidneys. The pains will naturally have to disappear with the acids and toxins which cause them. Non-alkaline preparations cannot possibly produce the same results because uric acid, like other acids, is neutralised only by an alkaline substance. A level teaspoonful or less of the refined Alkia Saltrates compound (powder form) dissolved in a tumbler of hot water (or better still in your tea) and taken before breakfast is all you need, and it is pleasant to drink, having no bitter, sour, salty or other objectionable taste. Any good chemist can supply a few ounces of this compound at very little cost.

SPECIAL NOTE.—We are informed by Saltrates, Ltd. (Dept. 246A.), Euston Buildings, London, N.W.1., who prepare a very high grade of Alkia Saltrates, that during the next ten days they are willing, as an advertising offer, to supply anyone interested in the product, with a regular 1s. 9d. size packet free if applicant cares to send sixpence for postage, packing, etc.

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The proof of the value of Insurance lies as much in the prompt settlement of claims as in the benefits offered. "JOHN BULL" PAYS PROMPTLY. It pays to insure with the best. 1548 claims already paid. The following paid this week.

THEFT.

KELLY, BEFR.—A. MACGREGOR, 3, Centre Street, Kelly Hill Road. Fire—Damage to Furnishings.
NR. RUGBY.—R. C. HOWES, 32, New Street, New Bilton. Fire—Damage to Furniture.
AXMINSTER.—Mrs. J. B. GREEN, Market Place. Fire—Damage to Furnishings.
GLASGOW.—Mrs. J. LEAPER, 473, Govan Road. Fire—Damage to Furnishings.
KNARESBORO'.—J. W. BRAMLEY, Gracious Street. Fire—Damage to Clothing.
KIRKDALE.—J. MAYER, 34, Argyle Road. Fire—Damage to Furnishings.
PORTSEA.—D. W. KING, 34, Bishop Street. Fire—Damage to Furniture.
PONTYPRIDD.—L. R. BRASSENT, 12, Lewis Street, Trehafod. Damage to Household Effects.
EDINBURGH.—R. FERRIE, 5, Oxford Street. Damage to Furnishings.

STORM AND FLOOD.

PONTYPRIDD.—L. R. BRASSENT, 12, Lewis Street, Trehafod.

ACCIDENT BENEFITS (£3 per week).

DUBLIN.—J. PATON, 8, Fairfield Road, North Wall.
LLANELLY.—Mrs. A. J. KNOWLES, 2, Campbell Street.
HEREFORD.—Miss K. J. LLOYD, Brook House, Bridley, Whitney-on-Wye.
LIVERPOOL.—Mrs. C. GREENHALGH, 68, South Road, Waterloo.
BARKING.—Mrs. F. FRANCIS, 35, East Street.
LEICESTER.—Mrs. A. E. BUNN, 344, Humberstone Road.
CHESTERFIELD.—Mrs. J. H. WILKINSON, 46, St. Thomas Street, Brampton.
TROON, AYRSHIRE.—Mrs. M. BRANSTON, 3, Portland Street.
HOLSWORTHY.—Mrs. E. M. HILL, 6, Victoria Square.
MANCHESTER.—Mrs. R. SARGENT, 14, Vernon Street, Salford.
ROCHESTER.—Mrs. H. C. FINNIS, Rings Hill Lodge, Wouldham, Rochester.
BARRY DOCK.—W. J. ANDREWS, 98, George Street.
BRISTOL.—Mrs. E. HAYWARD, 41, Somerset Street, Kingsdown.

ACCIDENT BENEFITS (£1 per week).

MANOR PARK.—Mrs. J. M. WARNER, 20, Merlin Road.
SEVEN KINGS.—W. LEWIS, 19, Pembroke Road.
HADDINGTON, N.B.—Mrs. D. REILLY, 3, Bridge Street.
CO. DURHAM.—Mrs. E. MITCHINSON, 10, Tempest Place, Seaham Harbour.
SYDENHAM, S.E.—Mrs. A. A. ARBER, 38, Kent House Road.
WORCESTER.—Mrs. M. J. COLLARD, 8, St. Johns.
N. KENSINGTON.—R. MEALE, 256, Ladbroke Grove.
KENSAL RISE.—Mrs. A. E. LOCKWOOD, 33, Creighton Road.
BO'NESS, N.B.—Mrs. J. HODGE, 35, Richmond Terrace.
W. EALING.—H. C. DANN, 53, Hessle Road.
S.S. GLASGOW.—R. MACBRAYNE, 114, Mellelian Street.
BOLTON.—Mrs. J. JACKSON, 13, Fountains Avenue, Tonge Moor.
ST. HELENS.—Miss M. HOLDING, 35, Lowe Street.
BILSTON, STAFFS.—Mrs. S. GODWIN, 49, Broad Street.
BOLTON.—Mrs. M. HELLING, 77, Chorley Road, Wingates, Westhoughton
CATFORD, S.E.—Mrs. I. G. STEWART, 16, Rutland Park, Perry Hill.
PELAW-ON-TYNE.—Mrs. A. SOMERVILLE, 3, Cottage, Wardley Hall.
S. BENFLEET.—Mrs. W. J. PASSFIELD, "Caravan," Town Meadow.
SANDBACH, CHES.—Mrs. F. CORDON, Pine Cottage, Smallwood.
PLYMOUTH.—Mrs. C. B. CORNISH, 17, Lion Street.
CO. DURHAM.—Mrs. C. F. MOORE, Elder Tree House, W. Boldon.
NEWCASTLE.—Mrs. K. HANNEN, 23, Maple Street.
BIRMINGHAM.—A. PARKER, 16, Lily Grove, Brunswick Road, Sparkbrook.
FULHAM, S.W.—Mrs. J. WAGER, 32, Allestree Road, Munster Road.
W. HARTLEPOOL.—J. WHITEHOUSE, 124, Cornwall Street.
SMALL HEATH.—J. WILKES, 3, Holly Terrace, Cottell Road.
MANCHESTER.—Mrs. A. WINSTANLEY, 36, Pearl Villas, Astley.
FOREST GATE, E.—Mrs. C. SWANNS, 7, Gower Road.
LEEDS.—Mrs. F. MAWSON, 12, Stewart Place, Beeston Hill.
NR. COLCHESTER.—H. LINNETT, Thorington.
JARROW-ON-TYNE.—Mrs. B. KNIGHT, 86, Breamish Street.
TREDEGAR, MON.—Mrs. S. A. JONES, 25, Park View.
SAXMUNDHAM.—Mrs. M. A. HACON, Low Road, Darsham.
BUCKNALL.—F. A. GOODALL, 22, Orchard Street.
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WIMBLEDON, S.W.—Mrs. E. BEECH, 103, Pelham Road.
SHEPHERDS BUSH.—Mrs. A. BARKER, 42, Cadiz Road.
EDMONTON.—Mrs. A. BROOKE, 60, Lyndhurst Road.
NEWCASTLE.—Mrs. S. JONES, 102, Bolckburn Street, Byker.
WOOD GREEN.—Mrs. G. MARGROVE, 35, Stanhope Avenue.
EDINBURGH.—Mrs. J. HARPER, 7, Meadowbank Place.
WATHALL, NOTTS.—G. NORMAN, Engine Cott.
SOUTH BANK, YORKS.—Mrs. R. LLOYD, 91, Nelson Street, South Bank.
MARGATE.—Mrs. WILLIAMS, 1, Church Road, Nr. Church Street.
BRIDGNORTH.—C. PAINTER, 16, Hospital Street.
NEWCASTLE-ON-TYNE.—J. C. SMITH 5, Council Houses, Dinnington, Pontelland.
KING'S LYNN.—Mrs. F. HUDSON, Crimplesham.
CAMBRIDGE.—Mrs. E. ALLEN, 97, Gwydir Street.
SHEFFIELD.—F. SNOW, Westwood Stn., Nr. Chapeltown.
BOLTON.—Mrs. E. R. HAYWARD, 1, Yarrow Place.
E. HAM, E.6.—Mrs. F. BOLT, 41, Thorpe Road.
WALTON-ON-THAMES.—J. A. OLLIS, 2, Sunnyside, Apps Court.
GLASGOW.—P. MORAN, 8, Park Place, Maryhill.
LEITH, N.B.—Mrs. M. SUTHERLAND, 48, Hawthornvale
PENYCRAIG, GLAM.—Mrs. W. WILLIAMS, 26, Hughes Street.
SHEFFIELD.—Mrs. F. WHITE, 2, Ct. 7th House, Aberdeen Street.
IPSWICH.—Mrs. M. LANKESTER, Church Lane, Whitton.
WALWORTH, S.E.—Mrs. M. LEWIS, 12, Berrett Road.
BY GLASGOW.—Mrs. A. LANG, 4, Bruce Street, Clydebank.
SALOP.—Mrs. A. FORD, Woolstaston, Leebetwood.
LIVERPOOL.—E. C. EVANS, 6, Oxford Road, Waterloo.
NELSON.—G. ETHERIDGE, 17, Haven Street.
ABERTILLERY, MON.—E. DAINTON, 7, Gray Street.
MANCHESTER.—Mrs. E. McKAY, Coxton Place, 11, Broughton Lane.
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JOHNSTONE.—W. JAMIESON, 33 Thorn Hill.
MANCHESTER.—Mrs. E. E. PEARSON, 56, Sandwick Street, Walkden.
STOCKPORT.—D. BURNETT, 10, Newton Whyn.
ENFIELD LOCK.—F. W. TURNER, 75, Bindley Road.

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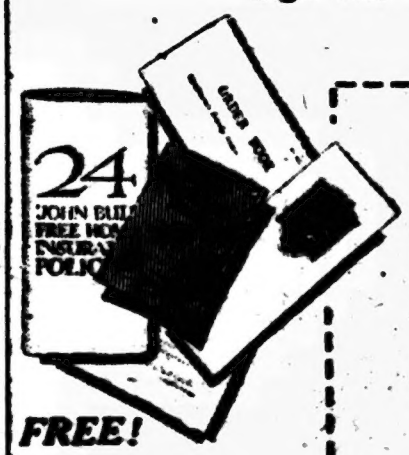

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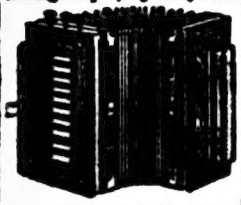

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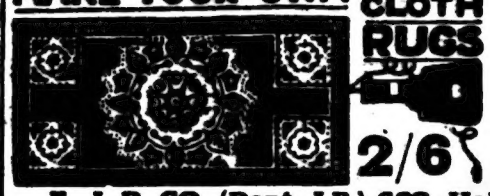

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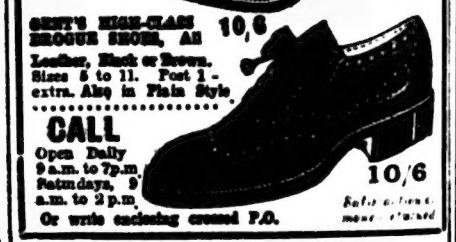

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For the People——
the Right to Justice and Truth,

The Paper on which the Sun :: Never Sets ::

The World, the Flesh, & the Devil

The Editor discourses upon passing events and topics of the day.

Our Priceless Premier.

The Prime Minister's speech at Manchester on Saturday revealed the Wizard at his wiliest. It was indeed an astounding piece of audacity on the part of a statesman whose policy had brought the nation to the brink of a new war.

The Revolting Tories.

Poor Austen Chamberlain! His speech at Birmingham on Friday last was a piece of abject toadyism to the Prime Minister which has disgusted the whole Unionist party, the rank and file of which are in open revolt. Watch Bonar Law!

A Dark Horse.

If Bonar Law will not accept the leadership of the Conservative Party, to which Austen Chamberlain can no longer lay claim, the rank and file will turn naturally to Lord Derby. Failing him there is Sir George Younger, a dark horse upon whom it may be well to keep an eye.

A Headless Party.

The trouble is, of course, that the Unionists who have held ministerial office in the Coalition are the brains of the party. Imagine a Conservative Government without Lord Birkenhead, Sir Laming Worthington Evans, or Sir Robert Horne. It might last six months. Or it might not.

The Unionist Position.

One thing is certain The Coalition-Unionist Ministers will stick to the Prime Minister no less faithfully than his Liberal colleagues. Solemn pledges to this effect have been given, and this fact has an important bearing upon the situation.

Harington's Triumph.

General Harington is the man of the moment in world affairs. Prepared for war, he gave us peace with honour. What a pity he is not at Downing Street to inoculate the Cabinet with responsible common-sense.

Obliging.

The Yankee Press is still trying to find a bride for the Prince of Wales. It is an Italian candidate it is running now. We ought to be thankful that it has not yet suggested the daughter of an American pork butcher millionaire. Perhaps we have spoken too soon.

How it Works.

High taxation is forcing hard pressed middle class parents to withdraw their children from private schools to have them educated at the expense of the State. More Whitehall economy.

The Penny Post.

Mr. Kellaway hopes that his successor will give us back the penny post. He has the Cabinet confidence that hopes will do almost as well as achievements.

Posthumous Patriotism.

Dr. Langford, of Kidderminster, left seven thousand pounds to the Treasury "towards the expenses of the late war." Others might be tempted to follow this noble example were it not for the Whitehall Wasters!

That Blessed Word, Mesopotamia.

In spite of the public demand that we should get out of Mesopotamia, our pig-headed Government has made a twenty year treaty with King Feisul. Convince a Churchill against his will he's of the same opinion still.

Business in Business.

An Aberdeen man, paid twice by the Government for a contract, drew attention to the error. His letter was returned, marked "Mind your own business." He is doing more than that now, he is sticking to it.

"Diddled."

The saddest of all the callers at Downing Street are the men who have paid heavily for "honours" in the expectation that the "goods" would be delivered by the New Year. But now, with Lloyd George stock so low, they fear the worse.

Cheaper Fares.

We are promised a reduction in railway fares of a farthing a mile. For which relief much thanks. The railway magnates might take their courage in both hands and make it a halfpenny. That would be worth while.

"Some" Faith.

The age of simple faith has not gone for ever. A wealthy war profiteer declares his readiness and ability to raise a two million campaign fund for the Premier provided he goes all out for a new Party. And he doesn't want a title either.

Well Done, Joe!

We have no sympathy with the squeamish critics who decry heavyweight boxing. The Beckett-Moran affair was a fine upstanding exhibition of Anglo-Saxon pluck and sportsmanship which will live for many years in the memories of those who saw it.

Who Said "Poplar"?

The *Daily Herald* says that Labour's record in Hackney is a triumph for the Party. What about some other places that could be mentioned? Are they not to count?

The Church Timid.

The Church Congress at Sheffield has barred the discussion of sex problems. Why? Is it wise to leave these topics to the philandering writers who exploit them for money?

A Cross-Channel Breeze.

French journalists are busy telling each other and the public what they think of Lloyd George. They may safely leave that to us. After all, we haven't said anything very cross about Poincaré—yet.

"Eye-Wash."

Don't take too seriously the fearsome fulminations of Labour against the Premier. There are leaders of the Party so blinded by hero-worship that they would lick the boots of the Little Welshman while he was trying to kick them—if they could perform the acrobatic feat.

Something off the Pint, Please!

Will the brewers respond favourably to their tied tenants' demand for cheaper beer? And if so, where will the consumer come in? The beer drinker is entitled to some consideration, seeing that he provides both brewer and publican with their living.

Not a Selling Plate.

Sir Basil Zaharoff has got back his gold plate which, during the war, he sent to the Bank of France and thought of melting down to increase the gold reserve. He forgot to order the sacrifice. Even a millionaire may at times be absent-minded.

Is He So Useful?

By the way, the Foreign Office has a dossier containing rather startling details concerning this man's career. Of course it would not do to let the public know too much, but publication would mean the end of Zaharoff as a figure in high politics.

Cowardly Constantine.

Major George Melas, former Private Secretary and confidant of the fugitive Tino, does not mince words about his former master. All the disasters that have overtaken Greece he attributes to "the cowardice of Constantine" in refusing to tell his people the truth. We have a recollection of saying much the same ourselves.

A Subtle-Minded Magistrate.

Mr. Rooth, the Lambeth Magistrate, fined a taxi driver, Martin Abinett, forty shillings for being drunk while driving. He found that, though drunk, Abinett was not driving dangerously or recklessly. It is not everybody who can drive soberly when drunk, or can find a magistrate to appreciate such a feat. Still, most people will prefer their taxi-drivers sober.

Ate While Children Starved.

The man who can shut himself up in a room and prepare and eat tasty meals while his two young children starved in the same house, is mean enough and bestial enough for anything. John Ernest Forman, of Wycliffe Road, Battersea, is that sort of brute. The local Magistrate sent him to prison for two months. Our eyes would have remained dry had he been sentenced to as many years.

Credit and Discredit.

William Dean, of Nelson Street, Liverpool, has an ingenious mind. Paralysed as the result of an accident, he opened a bank account with thirty shillings and faked his passbook to show four hundred pounds to credit. On the strength of this he got people to cash his cheques. Out of sympathy for his physical disabilities he was merely bound over. Those who have lost their money are more impressed by his mental abilities.

A Commonplace Tragedy.

The pitiful struggle of a mother to bring up a family on an inadequate allowance was illustrated at Southwark. A poor woman, £8 behind with her rent, told Judge Sir Thomas Granger, that her husband allowed her £2 a week to pay 13s. 7d. rent, and feed and clothe nine children. She tearfully refused the Judge's offer to place two of the children in a home. She preferred the daily struggle, to parting with any of her kiddies. Poor, brave mother!

Blaming the Camera.

When the usual moan that they had "imitated the pictures" was made on behalf of four boys charged with theft at Blackpool, Police-Superintendent Hannan said they acted rather as a deterrent to crime, as the culprits were always found out in the end. For our part, we think that the "cinema-leads-to-juvenile-crime" stunt, was started by, and gets its main support from, the kind of people who object to anybody enjoying themselves anywhere.

Horsewhipping a Baby.

When Evan Francis Jones, an ex-policeman turned dairyman, was charged at Caerphilly with assaulting a tiny toddler of three by slashing him across the legs with his whip, he pleaded that as children persisted in playing in the roadway, he wished to teach the boy a lesson. Though the child still bore marks of injury a week later, the Bench dismissed the case, saying they considered defendant only did his duty. We do not consider they did theirs.

Small-Holders' Troubles.

The disappointment of ex-soldier small-holders with their land settlement schemes is illustrated in West Sussex, where one settler recently cut his throat and the wife of another poisoned herself. The Local Committee say the fault is that of the Government scheme, for which they were not responsible. Everybody knew it must fail. We agree with Col. Waley-Cohen that if the Local Committees stood firm no Government could compel them to carry out an unworkable scheme.

Ungrateful Kill-Joys.

The way of the typical kill-joy is like nothing else on earth. Witness the action of the Social Services Council of Lewes, who, having borrowed the Mayor's parlour for the purpose of a meeting, opened their proceedings by passing a vote of censure on the Town Council for permitting Sunday games. Such cynical disregard for decency, not to mention gratitude, is nauseating

Twentieth Century Slavery.

At an inquest on Frank Pitman, aged 63, who fell down a lift-shaft in a block of flats at Queen's Gate, London, W., it was stated that he worked 84 hours a week and had no meal-times. His wages were 37s., from which insurance and unemployment money were deducted. Slavery is the only term applicable to such disgraceful conditions, and the Coroner rightly applied it.

When Indecency is Safe.

John James Dowlan, of Lonan, Isle of Man, may well have respect for the law. A jury found him guilty of indecently exposing himself, on two occasions, before little girls. There being no other witness, the spot was not "a public place," and the Deemster found the verdict bad in law and discharged the prisoner. If the present Manx law cannot punish such an offence it must be amended at once.

Humane Carshalton.

Despite the strong opposition of the local butchers, Carshalton (Surrey) Council has adopted the model by-law providing for the use of the humane killer. Mr. Parker, a butcher, remarked that there was "a good deal of sloppy sentiment over the humane killer." If it is "sloppy sentiment" to wish to do away with the worst horrors of the slaughterhouse, we hope Mr. Parker is right, and that there will be more of it.

Nice for the Dogs?

When Christopher Samuel Chandler, a dog trainer, was charged at Grimsby with cruelty to twelve of them, he explained that he did not go to them every day as the kennels were twelve miles from his home, and he had not the means to procure all the food they could eat. Yet the Bench refrained from sending him to prison on the ground that the dogs required attention, and fined him £5! A nice outlook for the poor dogs.

The Fool Pays.

Josh Billings says somewhere that it is highly important, when a man makes up his mind tew bekum a raskal, he should examine hizself clussly tew see ef he aint better konstructed tew be a phool. If John Hawthorne, a brewer's drayman, of Aldershot, had taken this advice, he would not have been fined 10s. 6d., and lost his pension into the bargain, for stealing 7½d. worth of oats. It is yet another illustration of the fact that a fool and his money are soon parted.

Guilty or Not Guilty?

The allegation against a nurse at the Children's Home under the control of the Grimsby Guardians is that she has so cruelly beaten a child under four years of age that its body was covered with weals. The Guardians have decided by a majority to retain the services of this nurse, "pending further investigation." Our suggestion is that she should have been suspended, and that the further investigation should take place in the Police Court. If she is not guilty, she could then easily establish her innocence; if she is, it is very obvious she ought not to be whitewashed behind closed doors.

Success and Insanity.

The Shoreditch Coroner put a very pertinent question the other day when he asked how it was that when people attempt suicide and fail one very rarely hears anything about insanity when police-court proceedings follow. We ourselves have often wondered why a successful suicide is invariably labelled a "temporary" lunatic and an unsuccessful one a criminal.

Willesden Workers.

A serious question has arisen at Willesden, to wit, the road-sweepers there receive £3 a week, and the senior Assistant Librarian, a B.A. of London, is paid £154 a year—£2 a year less; is it fair? The road-sweepers, of course, argue that Willesden can do without B.A.s, but must have its roads clean, and that even if the B.A. were invited to do some of their job, he, too, would want a living wage.

Solons of the Bench.

Gustav Gustavsen, a young Norwegian sailor, was fined £5 at Clydebank Police Court for an indecent assault on a fifteen-year-old girl. At Cowdenbeath, Ermite Bollini was fined £5 for selling a packet of cigarettes after hours. Do our Scottish Magistrates think it creditable to them that they should value a girl's honour on the same footing as a breach of a pettifogging "Dora" regulation? Have they not daughters of their own?

Sad Swan Song.

Schoolboys of tender years have sometimes tough hearts. Having bombarded a swan with stones as big as a man's head, breaking the poor bird's wing in two places and snapping off one leg, six Mansfield Woodhouse schoolboys laughed at a lady's threat to inform the police. Once the swan gave a cry, and one of the culprits exclaimed, "That's done it!" Despite this wanton cruelty, the Mansfield Magistrates let the lads off "on probation." Pity they did not soundly tan their wicked little hides.

Marie's Methods.

A correspondent has forwarded to us a printed form she was asked to fill up and return, "in the interests of biological research on the needs of married women," to Dr. Marie Stopes, Givons Grove, Leatherhead, Surrey She was asked to specify exactly what methods she used to prevent an increase in her family. If this is biology, give us ordinary decency. Even if Dr. Marie Stopes were medically qualified, her impertinent enquiries would not be justified.

Only a Cow.

A Liverpool man named Davison has been summoned for driving a steam lorry to the danger of the public. What happened is that in the course of his wild career, Davison ran into some cattle and fatally damaged a cow, but an advocate having eloquently explained to the Magistrates that a cow isn't a member of the public, they dismissed the case. Not being a member of the public, unfortunately, the said cow could not be insured under the JOHN BULL scheme.

Well Earned.

Seaside beauty shows and various other beauty competitions, with their inevitable accompaniment of newspaper photographs of insipid and self-conscious competitors in various stages of undress, have bored us to such a degree that it is a relief to hear of the "ugliest woman in England" having been engaged by a North Country showman at £20 a week. That is a good deal more than some of the "beauties" could earn.

Dangerous Rascals.

Two Wallsend butchers, Robert Henderson and Alfred Mellor, who intended to fob off as fresh killed meat the carcase of a cow which had died a natural death, were let off by the local Magistrates with a £15 fine each. A ridiculous penalty for rascals who might have caused an epidemic.

A Cruelty Choice.

Mrs. Elizabeth Jones, of Landebie, seventy-three years old, was fined five pounds for cruelly ill-treating an illegitimate child of nine, entrusted to her care. The girl was dirty, verminous and poorly nourished. Those who take adopted children are supposed to be registered. Was this woman registered? If so, a farce. If not, a scandal.

Sunday Football.

The Chippenham Councillors have refused permission for local footballers to play on the Westmead on Sundays. One member protested that he saw no harm in Sunday football while Councillors were playing golf. "That has nothing to do with the question," severely observed the Mayor. Of course not. The footballers cannot all become Councillors and qualify for the invincible right to play games on Sunday.

Barefaced Flat-Catching.

We have been inundated with enquiries regarding E. Purdon, of the Empire Trading Stores, 32a, South Lambeth Road, London, S.W., who notifies people of their "good fortune in having been awarded a Valuable Cash Prize," being "one of a series of 100 persons to receive the sum of £2 10s. in cash," as an inducement to purchase jewellery. This is nothing but a barefaced flat-catching ramp. The "Valuable Cash Prize" is 6d. in stamps, and the jewellery is the merest shoddy.

"Pushing the Punter."

A few weeks ago we picked a little bone with Messrs. Leonard J. Ware and Sons, the Purley turf accountants, who had closed a small backer's account in what we then considered to be a rather unfortunate way. Our attention has since been called to certain further circumstances, from which it appears that the firm were justified in their action. It was never our intention, of course, to call in question the commercial integrity of this well-established concern.

Many Inventions.

Mr. A. E. Gilbert, 496, Belcher's Lane, Bordesley Green, Birmingham, writes to tell us that he has applied for a Civil List pension, on the ground that he invented, amongst other things, the present system by which passengers are able to stop a railway train. Mr. Lloyd George's reply was that the Treasury had no power to grant the application. Why should the Treasury have power to pension poets and the widows of actors, and be compelled officially to ignore mere inventors?

Some Manager!

The proprietor of the North Bay Cinema, at Scarborough, Mr. J. R. Gough, left his Manager in charge while he was away, and a local police inspector found this dangerous idiot "smoking within a foot of the film in the operating room," while the hall was filled with hundreds of people. Mr. Gough being summoned for the offence, the charge was properly dismissed. We agree with the Magistrate that the wrong man was summoned, but the Manager had left the town. He is right left.

Guinness's.

It is a common experience that within the same district the variation in the price charged for Guinness's stout is from 7½d. to 8½d. Here and there it is 9d. At some railway buffets it is 10d. Many restaurants "have the cheek and impudence" to charge 1s. Above 8d. the price is such obvious plundering that we wonder Messrs. Guinness allow it to be carried on.

Interest, Not Discount.

Once on a time the Ham District Council borrowed £1,000 from the Public Works Loan Board for housing purposes. Having economised on their scheme, the Council want to repay the money, but the Board won't accept it unless with a heavy premium of between £200 and £300. One would have thought the Council would deserve a trifle of discount for so readily returning the cash.

The Bad Shepherd.

Whoever knows anything about the care of sheep will agree that a fine of £5 for driving a flock fourteen miles on the road without a break, with the result that during the last two miles their torn feet dripped blood, was punishment so light as to be absurd. Yet that is all the Knaresborough Bench imposed on Thomas Gill, of York, whose cruelty deserved a stiff term of imprisonment.

Salvation from Strife

by The Rev. R. J. CAMPBELL, D.D.

IN the autumn of 1914, when the appalling horror of the tempest which had just burst upon Europe was beginning to be realised in our hitherto peaceful land, I ran across Mr. Bernard Shaw in Oxford Street.

He said: "I hear you are holding prayer meetings at the City Temple about the war. Let me suggest that you petition Almighty God to scrap the human race; it seems to be past praying for."

He passed on, but had only taken a step or two when he suddenly turned, and, regaining my side, added: "On second thoughts, I withdraw the suggestion. There is no need to trouble God about the matter; the human race is scrapping itself as fast as it can."

It can hardly be necessary to say that this characteristic speech was neither a piece of cynicism nor a flippant jest at the world's agony. It was bitter earnest—in substance if not in form.

I have often thought of it since, and never more so than during the Near East crisis.

The calamity which befell the world eight terrible years ago was like the sowing of dragon's teeth; it has produced a succession of conflicts and of mischiefs innumerable, to which there appears to be no end.

The nations are as quarrelsome, selfish, jealous, and wrong-headed as ever.

British statesmanship may have floundered in the Near East, but France's part in the imbroglio is as black a treason to her own dead as anything that Kaiserism ever did.

War does not end war. Away with that superstition. Only one thing can end war, and that is the creation of a state of mind in which it becomes unthinkable.

We have had glimpses of this during the last fortnight. It was not diplomacy that prevented war, but the people's determination not to fight.

We shall hear more of this determination in time to come.

It may be God's way of saving the race from destruction.

"Young Life-Saving."

The Brothers Wood have been conducting a "Young Life" mission in St. Helens. The collection realised on one night thirty pounds, which was handed to the Brothers to be devoted to the National Young Life Campaign. There seems to be a good deal of money in this form of life-saving. Where does it go?

Wrong Leg.

It is really surprising to notice that a large number of ex-Service men, minus their natural means of locomotion, are still making ungainly noises on a wooden leg. Though we have stated the fact on one or two previous occasions, they still do not seem to know that their local War Pensions Committee are under obligation to supply them with a lighter leg if they prefer it, as, if we were in their place, we certainly should.

Turkeys and a Dickens Christmas.

"Twice the size of Tiny Tim" was the prize turkey which reached Bob Cratchit at Christmas. A hundred turkeys are offered in the current "Bullets" Competition, in addition to numerous cash awards—the first of which is £250. JOHN BULL turkeys may not all reach the "Christmas Carol" standard, but they will be real prize birds, and help many households to keep Christmas in the Dickens style.

Bang Went Sixpence.

A Sussex reader sent sixpence to Roberts Bros., 34, Market Terrace, Crewe, for particulars of a profitable home industry for winter nights which they advertise. He got a printed circular, with pictures of soldiers in Pickelhaube helmets and sheep going to Leipzig, and a peculiar offer to sell him, at six shillings each, moulds to make these in tin. He did not accept. We advise him to ask for his money back.

That Feminine Privilege.

Ladies serving on juries will have to learn that the feminine privilege of keeping men waiting does not apply to jury service. A Swansea woman juror placidly strolled back to Court ten minutes late after lunch. She naively explained that she had met a friend and had some business to transact. Thereupon the Recorder mulcted the astonished lady of a 10s. fine. A costly little lesson in the inadvisability of wasting other people's time.

A Poor Prospect.

Sir George Newman, Chief Medical Officer of the Board of Education, has issued an alarming report on the health of school children. According to this, 40 per cent of 2,521,000 children periodically examined "suffer more or less from physical or mental defects." It has been finely said that a nation stands on the breath of its children; surely there is abundant cause to be anxious for the future of a people whose children are in such large proportion handicapped by physical and mental infirmity?

Wanted—a Whip!

A wholesome flogging was richly deserved by two Tavistock youths named Harry Edgcumbe Down and Edwin Arthur Chase, who deliberately lured a little girl into a store and defiled her, and the father of Down expressed the wish that the Court would order it. The Magistrates, however, contended themselves with inflicting paltry fines. Both the young wretches should have been sent to the Assizes. As Chase is a trumpeter in the Royal Artillery at Woolwich, it is to be hoped his comrades will let him know what they think of him when he returns from leave.

SNOBS IN KHAKI.

Forced to Resign for Social Reasons

Unable to keep pace with the money-spending habits of his brother subalterns, a promising young officer is forced out of the Service.

MR. G. W. ROLAND, of 26, Park Road, Hanwell, was a master at Etonhurst College, Weston-super-Mare, when war broke out He enlisted in the Royal Field Artillery. After a time it was suggested that, as a man of superior education, he should enter himself for a Regular Commission. He obtained a Scholarship to Sandhurst, and passed out on November 24th, 1915, being gazetted to the 1st Battalion of the Middlesex Regiment.

He at once became popular with his brother officers, and served with distinction throughout the war, in which he was wounded.

When the Armistice was signed he obtained leave, but was soon afterwards taken ill with pneumonia, and spent some months in hospital. His state of health was such that he was sent to the South of France to recuperate, and remained away from his Regiment for nearly two years.

After his recovery he rejoined the Regiment at Cologne, and was almost immediately transferred to the 3rd Battalion and moved to Upper Silesia. Here he discovered that an officer's life in times of peace is by no means easy unless he has a generous allowance. With nothing but his pay, he did his duty, he was unable to enter into the amusements indulged in by his brother officers.

In August, 1921, having been three months in Silesia, he applied for and was granted leave. He desired to see his mother, whom he was supporting. While he was on leave he was again taken ill, and was sent to the Military Hospital at Millbank, where he remained for two months.

Soon after he was discharged from the hospital on sick leave, the A.P.M. called at his house to arrest him for overstaying his pass. but left him in peace when he produced letters from his Commanding Officer telling him not to return to his Regiment for the time being.

Then he received the greatest shock of his life—a letter from the War Office asking him to resign his commission!

To find the ground for this astonishing action, we must quote from a report by his Commanding Officer, Colonel W. Wright, V.C., C.M.G., D.S.O., dated October 22nd, 1921, as follows:—

"In my opinion, it is quite useless for this officer to attempt to remain in the Army. He now owes 3 months' mess bills, he has no money with which to pay his return journey, he has other debts he cannot meet, and he has a wife, and, I think, one or more children. . . . I am anxious that something definite may be done to remove him from the Battalion, as I am convinced that, in the circumstances, he can never make a satisfactory officer."

To say that this report grossly misrepresents the facts is to put it mildly. Roland paid his mess bill the day he left the Battalion, and holds the receipt. The bills referred to are simply subscriptions which accumulated in his absence. The statement that he is married and has one or more children is recklessly inaccurate, for while on leave he had written to his Commanding Officer stating that he was remaining single. As for the conclusion that he could never make a satisfactory officer, we have before us a letter from Colonel Wright, dated August 30th, 1921, inviting him to communicate with Major-General Sir Walter Campbell, K.C.B., with the view of effecting an exchange into the 4th Battalion, which was shortly going to the Far East.

Notwithstanding repeated remonstrances, this young officer has been forced to resign his Commission under Article 527 of the Royal Warrant, which precludes him from half-pay or the gratuity under Army Order 179 of 1922, which in his case would amount to £1,600.

The case is a very disgraceful one, and we hope that more will be heard of it when Parliament reassembles.

U.S. SPIES ON BRITISH SHIPS

Pussyfoot Playing a Dual Role

Being somewhat jealous of Great Britain's sea supremacy, Uncle Sam is trying hard to wrench the trident from Britannia.

PRESIDENT HARDING has issued instructions that the law against the carrying of alcohol is to be enforced rigidly against all foreign ships in American territorial waters. This is taken by the British Press as being merely another move in the fight between the Wets and the Drys in America. It is something much more important and more far-reaching. It is the first open move in the war which the American Government has meditated against our mercantile marine ever since the war gave such an impetus to shipbuilding in the United States.

It has been preceded by a number of less open but no less sinister moves inspired by the same motive, and carried through with the thoroughness which characterises the true Yank where his zeal for dollars is involved.

The first move was to order an inquiry by American agents abroad regarding the conditions under which the British mercantile marine had been built up, and for the purposes of this inquiry not only consular officials, but American newspaper men resident in Europe were pressed into service, and for months were busy ferreting out the secrets of the policy pursued by our Governments in the past and at present to encourage shipbuilding and the development of our mercantile marine.

The immediate outcome of this inquiry was the secret decision that every law that could be strained against the British ships in American waters was to be enforced rigidly, with the object of driving out the British and establishing a monopoly for the American liners. The dry laws offered the first and easiest method of hampering British shipping. For this purpose Revenue officers along the Atlantic seaboard were instructed to get into touch with suitable men who could secure employment on board British ships with the object of reporting all violations of the dry regulations. The result of this espionage was that British skippers in American waters have been hampered and goaded by the restrictions more than any others, and while it is notorious that rum running is carried on in broad daylight along the whole Atlantic seaboard, the revenue officers seem blind to it all unless the ships concerned happen to be flying the British flag.

That policy has been pursued as far as possible, but it is now to be supplemented by the more drastic one of forbidding the presence of stocks of liquor on foreign ships in American waters. With such a decree in operation it was inevitable that there should be danger of complications regarding the right of search, but the astute Yankees count on their espionage system on board British ships to save them the necessity of searching.

With the information furnished by their spies they hope to be able to go straight to the store where the banned stocks are kept. In the course of time it is hoped that this policy will make it harder for a British ship to enter an American port than for the proverbial camel to pass through the eye of a needle.

In addition to the system of espionage on ships America now has her agents in most of the British shipbuilding centres, where they make it their business to collect and transmit to Washington every detail they can buy or otherwise collect regarding the developments of British shipbuilding, and American correspondents in this country are continually being urged by their Secret Service to do the same, in order that Washington may help the American shipbuilders and shipping companies to beat their British rivals.

The fight is only beginning, and will be waged with determination from now onward, for Uncle Sam aspires to nothing less than the Sovereignty of the Sea which, at present, belongs to Britannia.

THE WOMAN WHO DEFIES THE LAW! Are the Police Blind or Helpless?

AFTER our comments a few weeks ago there was a temporary scuttling to earth of infamous "Queenie" Gerald and her half-sister. They retired to Brighton. They have now returned and both the establishments at No. 9, Maddox Street, and in Jermyn Street are in full working order.

The main source of "custom" received by these high priestesses of depravity is derived from a certain hotel, the name of which we hold. We may say in passing that this establishment is a plague spot. Many wealthy Americans and foreigners resort there.

The woman who manages the place is an expert in the art of over-charging: we give one instance that will illustrate this. A lady and gentleman went there for a little dinner. They were joined by the woman-manager, who, in a gushing manner, invited them to have a drink with her. In three-quarters of an hour the bill was presented—just over ten pounds, the mercenary harpy knowing full well that a man would hardly dispute the bill before a lady, and, besides, he could not say exactly what drinks he had had.

Rich men who go to the hotel are rapidly put through the sieve of this expert in human nature, and if they seem "sporty," they are passed on to either Maddox Street or Jermyn Street. There, in these twin temples of erotic vice, they can gratify their propensities in secrecy, and amid a luxurious setting.

During the past few days there has been a steady stream of callers on "Queenie" Gerald and the other woman. In reply to a rather anxious inquiry as to whether it was safe for her to "carry on"—in view of the criticisms of this journal—she said with a laugh: "Business as usual!"

This brazen attitude raises some painful reflections. Is it that her audacity is bred of an absolute sense of safety—that for some reason the drag-net of the Law will not draw her and her satellites from those shadowed chambers of sin into the cold light of publicity? We know that she affects to laugh at the Law, making statements that reflect gravely on people in high places, and that she speaks with a strange contempt of the police.

Another point. We are hearing a great deal of the cocaine evil, and a number of obscure creatures are being arrested. But such places as the establishments run by the "Queen" of West-End vice are the most admirable *rendezvous* for fashionable dope victims.

We ask again: Are the police blind or helpless?

ANOTHER LIMPETS' PARADISE

Frantic Efforts to Keep Alive a Dying Government Department

AS a glaring example of the sheer waste of public money the Disposals Board would be hard to beat. The Board has nothing left worth selling, yet a horde of costly officials are stooping to every subterfuge in order to preserve their own fat-salaried jobs. The recent exposure of Food Ministry blundering is but a mild affair in comparison with the Disposals Board, and a full inquiry into the methods employed would reveal one of the biggest scandals of our time.

WHEN Lord Inverforth relinquished the post of Minister of Munitions and the demise of the Ministry was proclaimed with a fanfare of trumpets in Parliament and the Press, a credulous public believed that the Disposal Board, which was the only section of the Ministry then actively functioning, had died a natural and decent death.

"The Disposal Board," as a name, was erased from the official records, but as "The Disposal and Liquidation Commission" it lived and still lives on, with scarcely a change in its effective personnel, except that a super-auctioneer reigns on the throne where Lord Inverforth sat.

Controllers with their salaries of between £1,000 and £2,000 a year, Deputy Controllers at £1,000 a year. Directors, Section Directors and Sub-Section Directors, Engineers and Technical Experts, an army of salesmen, a host of clerical assistants and accountants, with depot managers and their assistants galore, continued to flourish more than abundantly.

Impregnably entrenched in the wilderness of Earl's Court, at Caxton House and in their strongholds in the provinces, they have settled down to the task of holding their jobs, determined that, if they can possibly prevent it, the Disposal and Liquidation Commission shall not die till the present generation shall have been gathered to its fathers.

Ostensibly the Disposal Board exists to sell. Actually the chief business of those now engaged in its administration is to take care that they do not lose their jobs. Their tactics are designed, not to make trade, but to prevent it.

"Why," doubtless they say to themselves, "shouldn't our Commission hold on like that for the Exhibition of 1851, which, despite its age, is still going strong, with a staff, including an M.V.O. Secretary, offices, telephone and telegraphic address, and bids fair in due course to celebrate its centenary?"

For a period of eighteen months after the Armistice the life of the gigantic selling organisation was, in the main, one of continuous and useful activity. Countless buyers, eager to re-start the wheels of industry, were tumbling over one another to purchase what they required out of the huge mass of serviceable material stranded by the ebb of the blood red tide of war, and it must be admitted that, as sales merchants, the Board did well.

Taking advantage of the necessities of the public, they were able to exact prices greatly in excess of the value, of the commodities they sold. But, by the time Lord Inverforth resigned, the useful career of the Disposal Board was to all intents and purposes ended.

Its work was done. The majority of the officers worth their salt, declining to degenerate into barnacles, had resigned, and by far the larger part of the material left had become unsaleable.

The policy adopted by the barnacles could not have been better calculated to obstruct business and prevent sales if it had been expressly designed for that purpose, which, perhaps, it was.

Let us take an example to show how the trick was done. Machinery embedded in concrete had for war work been erected in the West of England and been thrown up by the War Office as surplus.

As a first step, an Engineer on the Disposal and Liquidation Commission staff was sent down to inspect and report. His report, a well-considered document, was to the effect that the economical way of disposing of the machinery would be to sell it to a local buyer, presuming one could be found. Tenders were accordingly called for, and a fair price offered, only to bepromptly turned down by the officials in charge of this particular Department.

This is the only sort of promptitude the Disposal Board now exhibits. The Engineer was then asked to make another report as to the best means of transporting the material to a distant depot—a matter of over a hundred miles.

The Engineer, being a sensible and experienced man, pointed out that this would be unwise, as the concrete would have to be blasted before the machinery could be removed, and that the latter would be so damaged in the process that it would not then be worth removal and would have less than scrap value.

Technical and commonsense advice, however, were dis-regarded; the time, railway fares and hotel expenses incurred by the Engineer thrown away, and the machinery removed from its bed by explosive force and, by this time rendered valueless even as scrap, transported with expensive locally engaged labour to the nearest railway point and sent on its journey to the depot.

Here it was placed in an auction sale with a reserve price. As the reserve price would not be reached, and was never likely to be reached, because never intended to be reached, the material was withdrawn. After an interval it was sent to another depot, again placed in another auction sale, again with a reserve price, and again withdrawn.

To describe the Ulysses-like wanderings of this derelict machinery would require a whole issue of JOHN BULL; suffice it to say that after incalculable expense and interminable journeyings it was sold at about a hundredth part of the cost of handling it.

This is not an extreme illustration, but one that might be multiplied ten thousandfold did space permit.

Auction sales have been held, where, owing to the ridiculously high reserve prices imposed, the net amount realised by the bids have barely covered the auctioneers' expenses. Prices that could be regarded as more than fair have time after time been tendered in London, and the tenderers have been able to purchase the identical material at a fraction of the amount originally offered.

Numerous instances have occurred where cases of extremely valuable material have been included in auction sales without their contents being ascertained beforehand, and have been sold for shillings when their actual value has been many hundred of pounds. Often through ignorance or carelessness the same material has been sold twice over to separate buyers, with the result that heavy damages have been paid for breach of contract.

Chaos, muddle, shuffle and deliberate procrastination are the order of the day and, unless the Treasury are forced into drastic action by the pressure of public opinion, will continue unchecked.

It is time this scandal ceased. A very large quantity of the surplus material with which the Disposal and Liquidation Commission is operating is now, and always will be utterly unsaleable, and the cheapest and best way of disposing of it would be to burn what could be burnt, and to dump the rest into the sea. To give it away would be impossible. No one could be found to incur the expense of carting it away, for it has no value. If a committee of business men were to examine in detail, step by step, some of the transactions of this precious selling organisation, and publish the results of their investigation, the public which has been fooled and fleeced would raise such a storm of indignation that the Disposal and Liquidation Commission could not possibly survive.

BRITISH CHARITY IN RUSSIA

We Have Our Own Children to Feed!

WEEK by week, in this office, we are paying out sums of money from our "Greatest of These" Fund, to help ex-soldiers, their wives and children, who, in many cases, are suffering in proud silence agonies of hardship and hunger. We wish that we could do more: the field is so large.

Now consider that monumental affair, the "Save the Children" Fund, which has distinguished itself by pouring a stream of gold into Central Europe, and has relieved the Soviet Government of Russia to a large extent of the duty of providing for the poor children who are suffering under the Bolshevist regime.

Lord Weardale is the head of this fund. It raised nearly a quarter of a million in nine months, up to three-quarters of a million by the next year, and well over a million by the next. The generous British public did not know where its money went. But "Save the Children" was a pathetic appeal: it never failed to bring in the cash.

The money was raised largely by costly advertisements, full of what is technically known as "sob-stuff." The bill for newspaper advertising came to one hundred and forty-five thousand pounds! The explanation given is that the "sob-stuff" paid. It did. It took the better part of a million out of the country where the cry of our own war-broken families is still ringing in our ears. One newspaper says the cost of administration is one-third of the receipts. Surely this is a scandal!

Much of the fund, as we say, is spent in Russia. Is Russia grateful? If so, it has a strange way of showing it. Russian Bolshevists held up Red Cross trains and took their contents to support the Red Army. It is unlikely that more than a third of the food sent to help the starving babies of Russia reaches them. Trotsky has publicly declared, when commandeering food, that the Army must come first. "Sentimentality," he says, "does not pay."

While money is being scraped up for Russia, the Bolshevists have sent £400,000 to this country for propaganda. Why should they not feed their own children first and convert us afterwards?

The "Save the Children's" Fund buyer, formerly their publicity agent, got £10,000 in salary, emoluments, and commission—on all subscriptions in money and kind, and 15s. on every £100 worth of purchases. Do the widows who are contributing their mites to help the children know this?

A fresh appeal is being made for this fund—ignore it. Let Russia feed her own children. She can do it if she disbands her Red Army and ceases flooding the world with money for Bolshevist propaganda.

Willingly would we help all the children of all the world, the innocent sufferers from the war. We cannot, any more than we can police the world alone.

SPEED MERCHANTS

Weak-kneed Notts. Magistrates

IF this country is to be made safe for democracy, the question of reckless motoring must be taken firmly in hand.

As matters stand at present, motorists can be as reckless as they choose. They may even go to prison for manslaughter, and find, when they come out, that they can take to the road again and smash up a few more of their fellow citizens.

Take the scandalous case of Geo. Stubley, of Spital House, Blyth, who stood in the dock the other day at the Nottingham Shire Hall.

Stubley, whose speed was estimated by several witnesses at 40 miles an hour, crashed into a trap in which two ladies were riding. They were both thrown out and one severely injured.

He was merely fined £20, with a temporary suspension of licence.

His licence should have been abolished altogether. Why, only a year ago this man Stubley was sentenced to eight months' imprisonment for running down and killing a policeman!

Is it not a public scandal that a man like this should come out of prison and send another victim to hospital, that even then his licence should be merely suspended, not cancelled, so that after an interval he can again resume his fatal career on the road? The Nottingham Magistrates are obviously inadequate to making the district safe from the road hog.

SHARPS AND FLATS

A Well-worn String of Wily Welshers

DURING the last week or so our letter bag has bulged daily with an enormous sheaf of complaints against as hoary a lot of defaulting bookmakers as has ever waxed fat on turf transactions. This well-worn string of wily welshers does not give backers even a run for their money. It conducts its operations from the comparative security of back rooms and accommodation addresses.

Our correspondents might have saved themselves much loss and vexation, if they had paid closer attention to these columns, for in nearly every case the swindling sharps of whom they complain have been exposed by us.

First we have a bundle of indignation directed against our old acquaintance Thomas Bradshaw, of Poland House, Oxford Street, London, W. The extent of this man's defaults over the Lincoln Handicap and Grand National double event this year was such that in May we published a categorical warning to our readers to have no dealings with him. He is described by the Turf Guardian Society as "a well-known swindler, who has been exposed times without number." Nevertheless, he continues to broadcast his circulars in the most brazen fashion, and evidently still finds victims. It is rather difficult for us to find sympathy for his dupes, after all that we have said concerning him.

Another against whom we continue to receive complaints, is George Gerrard, whom we exposed at the same time as Bradshaw. This rogue carried on his operations from New Town Chambers, Plymouth. We ascertained that that place was used merely for the collection of his correspondence, and traced him to an address in Maida Vale, London, from which, however, he disappeared in consequence of the publicity which we gave to his methods.

A third of the string, who willingly accepts all wagers but shows a rooted disinclination to pay out, is George Clark, of 16, Warwick Street, Regent Street, London, W.

Perhaps the most astonishing feature of all this correspondence is the number of swindled backers who seem to have communicated with Harrison Ford, of the "National Turf Protection Society," 23, Pembridge Square, London, W., in the hope of recovering their losses. It is indeed a forlorn hope. It seems incredible that anyone should be unaware that Ford, under various aliases, is himself a defaulting bookmaker whom we have exposed *ad nauseam*.

It is true that many appear to have been inspired to apply to Ford by another arch-rogue, but that, as Kipling would say, is another story.

MADAME FRANCES

Ejectment Follows Exposure

IN a recent article in JOHN BULL, we asked who is Madame Frances, the shameless brothel-keeper and procuress who was carrying on her noisome business at 6a, Hyde Park Mansions under the innocent guise of a school for teaching French by conversational lessons.

Our exposure, the result of direct investigation, has been immediately effective. We described this shocking scandal as a clear case for the police. The owners of the property did not wait for the police. Our issue reached the public on Wednesday. On Thursday Madame Frances was ejected from the premises she had polluted.

Messrs. Morris, Veasey & Co., Ellerman House, 19-21, Moorgate Street, E.C. 2, Solicitors for the lessee, Mrs. Frederick Rosse, 3, Abbey Road, St. John's Wood, N.W. 8, tell us that Mrs. Rosse let the flat to a Mr. and Mrs. Harris, who gave excellent references. We accept Mrs. Rosse's statement, though two questions call for an answer. Who gave references in this case? Have they any explanation now to offer? If so, the public would like to have it and we will facilitate its publication.

Had the police been more prompt, the young girls who are in the pay of the harpy who calls herself Madame Frances might have been saved. There is a lesson here for Scotland Yard.

LET THEM STARVE

A Shameful Persecution

THE shameful persecution of a handful of ex-Service men by the Surbiton District Council, to which attention was first drawn by JOHN BULL has reached a climax.

Within a few hundred yards of the memorial to their dead comrades, these war-bitten heroes set up a sort of market on a piece of vacant land granted to them by the sympathetic freeholder, Mr. Thomas Rudge.

From the first the Council did their utmost to prevent these men earning an honest living, and not content with hailing them before the Magistrates and getting them fined, recently went to the length of applying to the Corporation of Kingston to have them removed under the Market Charter Rights granted by King John six hundred years ago, forbidding similar trading within a radius of seven miles.

Having failed in this attempt to drive them out, the Council applied to the Ministry of Health for power to fence them in. The Ministry refused to do so without a Public Inquiry. This was arranged, but for reasons best known to themselves the Council at the last moment abruptly asked for it to be postponed, and are contemplating other means of effecting their purpose.

If the Councillors wish to cover themselves with eternal shame. they could not do so more surely than by persisting in this persecution.

THE BABY TRADERS

Beware of Bogus Foster-Parents

ON the surface baby-farming would seem to be so well regulated by the provisions of the Infant Life Protection Act that suffering would be impossible. The measure directs that all foster-mothers must be registered, the number of children taken in for profit must be limited to the accommodation, whilst visits are frequently paid by lady inspectors.

Despite this, the trade in "adoptions," animated by the lust for money, is increasing, and many of the helpless sufferers are outside the knowledge of the persons appointed by law to safeguard them.

Take the case of a woman named "Taylor" who inserts in many country papers such announcements as "Good home offered to infant; would take from birth for lumpsum." It is disquieting that she uses generally an accommodation address—she has advertised from Cambridge Street, Pimlico, and from Deritend High Street, Birmingham. The children are sub-let, so to speak, to other people. Thus she obtained an infant from a nursing home in Cheltenham, a perfectly respectable place, the baby being received for £100 down. After this the child passed with bewildering rapidity from one "home" to another, being boarded out at so much a week.

Recently there was a case at Margate where several children were found to have been boarded out in an unregistered home, and investigation showed that the parents could be traced only with the greatest difficulty.

Another recent case was that of Ernest Henry Rogers of Newcastle, who obtained two children through one of the advertisements referred to. For each he received ten shillings a week. They were found lying in an egg box—ill-nourished, filthy, crying for food. Both had been insured for £15.

Within a day or two of this case a "foster mother" of Battersea turned two children of eleven and five out and locked the door, telling them to "get out" as their father was in arrears with payment of their maintenance money. Here again the provisions of the Act were ignored. No notice was given of the reception of the children for "profit."

It is an irony indeed that it is not the "unmarried mother" who neglects her child—she pinches and screws to support the infant with some "foster mother" who too often neglects her charge.

God help the little mites thus sold for cash and then handed on to various "foster-parents," each anxious to make "a bit" out of the morsel of flesh and blood that cannot complain except by feeble wails!

CRIBBING THE COAL

Meanness to Disabled Miner

IT is the recognised custom in most coal-mining districts for the colliery companies to give married miners and others who may be the mainstay of families 12 cwt. of coal every month. This "allowance coal," as it is called, is generally recognised as part of the miner's wages, and men who are disabled at their work, and have to live on compensation awards, ordinarily continue to receive it.

A case has been brought to our notice in which the Warwickshire Coal Company, Ltd., the owners of pits in the Bedworth district, near Coventry, have deprived a compensation man of this coal, of which he stands badly in need.

In this case a young miner with a wife and child, disabled for life while working underground, has actually had to purchase the allowance coal given to another man who has been employed at the surface for only a few weeks, and had never worked about a colliery before.

Whether the company is under any legal obligation to provide this coal or not, it appears very uncharitable on their part to refuse a man maimed for life in their service such a trifling allowance.

Yet although he has written four times pointing out his circumstances, the company persist in their refusal.

Meanwhile huge stacks of the coal so keenly wanted are allowed to rot at the pit-head!

GAMBLING WITH PUBLIC MONEY

by ARNOLD BENNETT

[Sixty-five years ago, Leopold. Redpath, a poorly-paid clerk in the Transfer Office of the Great Northern Railway Company, by forgery robbed his employers of £150,000. His ostentation led at last to detection. Nowadays, as is made plain in the following striking article, business colleagues and associates are of a more complacent and unsuspecting disposition.]

A CERTAIN man, well known in a provincial town, resided in an expensively furnished house on which he spent a lot of money. He had a motor-car. He belonged to a golf club. He raced. He was a frequenter of Tattersall's Ring. He made large bets and sometimes owed thousands to members of the Ring. When he attended race meetings near London he would engage a suite of rooms at a costly London hotel. In short, he did himself very well. He lived thus for six years, and then died—by his own hand.

HE was a clerk under the Norfolk County Council, and his salary was £300 a year. Numbers of people, including responsible people, must have known that his salary was £300 a year and no more. And numbers of people must have been generally acquainted with the grandiose manner in which he lived. But for five years nobody responsible "suspected" anything to be "wrong." Then it was "brought to the notice" of the Chairman of the County Finance Committee that George Harvey was doing really rather a lot on £300 a year.

The Chairman called a meeting of the Committee and summoned Harvey to attend. Harvey "made a favourable impression" on the Committee. His manner was good. He was persuasive — indeed, he persuaded the Committee that financially everything was perfectly all right.

It was a marvellous performance, and the audience of public men that listened to it was even more marvellous. For the Committee believed what its ears heard and ordered no independent inquiry.

In the following sixth and final year Harvey embezzled just under £20,000.

HOW came he to succeed in this prodigious feat? He succeeded because there was absolutely no independent check on him. He did what he liked in his own way, and no one troubled. No official auditor intervened with the rightly drastic methods of an auditor. He was caught out at last, not through his forgeries and his book-keeping, but through his too frequent unauthorised absences from his office —at race meetings.

He had so long a run because he was an old employee of the Council. Just as local people can never believe that any man who was brought up among themselves is truly a great man, so local people can never believe that such a man is a swindler.

And also he had so long a run because he possessed a plausible manner, a good address, and much persuasive power. As if it were not a notorious fact (outside Norwich) that 99 swindlers out of 100 have a plausible manner, a good address, and much persuasive power! These qualities are the very elements of successful swindling.

HARVEY'S defalcations amount to the equivalent of a tenpenny rate in the County of Norfolk. I hope the members of the Finance Committee will subscribe among themselves the total sum lost. Individuals who put a clerk at £300 a year in uncontrolled power over immense quantities of county money ought to pay for permitting an acutely inadequate system of auditing. And individuals who can be imposed upon by a Harvey ought to pay for their staggering unworldliness, their deliciously absurd ignorance of human nature.

But you will find that the ratepayers of the County of Norfolk will pay.

CARTOONETTES

by FRANK HOLLAND

At last from fear of War we're free
And Peace is now assured;
Which proves the Pen at least can be
As mighty as the Sword.

We heard a lot last week about
The royal road to health;
But why won't someone point us out
A nice short cut to wealth?

Pyjamas for the "Knutty" crowd
Just now are quite unique;
The patterns are not merely loud—
They absolutely shriek!

Of such a tie it would be queer
If anyone was fond,
And some, we're not surprised to hear,
Are chafing at the bond.

SAINTS *and* SINNERS

Pen Portraits of Prominent People

by HESKETH PEARSON

I ONCE described H. G. Wells as "the literary Weather-Cock of the age." The idea was promptly annexed, without acknowledgments, by several other writers, and I shall doubtless be accused of plagiarism if I repeat it now. However, an author has a right to plagiarise himself and I can't think of a better phrase.

It would be putting it mildly to say that H. G. Wells is the most versatile writer in England. There is hardly a subject that he can't tackle, from hockey to theology, and prove himself a master of it. The trouble is that he's too versatile to be deep. He does everything excellently, but he does nothing super-excellently. He hovers on the hills; he never scales the crags. He plays all his games so well that he plays none of them magnificently. The concentrated essence of Wells would be a wonderful thing. As it is, we get only a general impression of him, as vague and as imperfect as his own impression of history.

Mr. H. G. WELLS.

THE mercurial element in his work is strangely present in the man. The Wellsian temperament is every bit as ubiquitous as the Wellsian treatise. This makes him a delightful acquaintance but an uncertain friend. Just because he thinks one thing one moment, it doesn't by any means follow that he'll think the same thing five minutes afterwards. The man who is his sworn brother to-day may be his mortal enemy to-morrow, and *vice versa*.

SWIFT as quicksilver his love and hatred come and go, and the hoops of steel with which he grapples his friends to his soul are liable at a second's notice to become red-hot wires. Having emptied the vials of his wrath during the war on the Germans, he has recently been emptying them on the French.

He is our great tight-rope expert, the Blondin of literature, who balances himself perfectly on the mood of the moment; and if during the performance he finds the rope (*i.e.*, the public mood) getting a bit wobbly, he hops so gracefully into the net below that the audience is left with the impression that the manœuvre was pre-arranged and skilfully timed. Whereupon, without giving them time to consider the matter too carefully, he instantly proceeds with his next "turn."

LIKE all men who are themselves highly susceptible of offence, his treatment of those who criticise him is indefensibly brutal. The fact that he remains comparatively popular may be set down to his astonishingly versatile talent and, in fair weather, his naturally affectionate disposition. On a desert island, with no social and political problems to vex them, H. G. Wells and his latest and greatest enemy (Henry Arthur Jones, for instance) would be inseparable. As it is, they will probably die fighting, or cursing, one another — merely because Wells is not Jones and Jones is not Wells.

And yet, on the whole, his influence has been a fine one. He is nearly always on the side of enlightenment. If only he could forget, during moments of irritation, that he is H. G. Wells, his public life would be well-nigh unassailable. But in that case he wouldn't be H. G. Wells. So we'll say no more about it.

"WHY, OH WHY, IS THAT COMMON PERSON LOSING FAITH IN US AS HIS FRIEND AND PROTECTOR?"
?
?
CHURCH MAN
POLITICIAN
N.B. THIS IS THE COMMON PERSON

WHY? WHY ASK?

["A question that is deeply disturbing the ecclesiastic and the politician"—according to the Church Congress at Sheffield.]

Without Fear or Favour

The Editor's Views on Vital Topics

WHAT about the General Election? We are not concerned to predict its date; that is a small matter. The main thing is to be ready for it when it comes, and to have made up our minds as to our duty as voters. It is really very simple. We know what we want. The working man wants full and assured employment the professional man a measure of relief from excessive taxation, the investor a promise of security for his capital. In short, the average British citizen favours a steady-going policy for the next year or two which will enable him to turn round and get a footing for the future.

Britain First

The old Party shibboleths have lost their meaning. We care very little whether our candidate describes himself as a Conservative, a Liberal, or a disciple of the Labour Party. In the next Parliament big issues are to be fought out and decided, and party labels will be less important than ever.

At this juncture we venture to proclaim the politics of all sensible men. No more foreign adventures, no costly escapades abroad, no fussy interference with the affairs of other nations. Britain, first, last, and all the time. Stick to home policy, develop our own Imperial estate, and leave sick Europe to lick its own sores. There is hardly a "problem" in the world to-day which is worth the bones of a single British soldier. We simply cannot afford to play the role of policeman on the world's highways.

The candidate for our vote at the General Election is the one who will pledge himself to put British interests first and postpone all the rest to a more convenient season. We are apt to forget that the British Empire covers half the globe and includes within its compass all that life demands. That we shall defend our own goes without saying; but the statesmen who will command our confidence in the future are those who will fight for Britain and leave the rest of the world to fight for itself.

WE have no patience with the cant which calls the well-to-do thief a "kleptomaniac," and sends Ronald True to Broadmoor while common murderers hang.

Child Polluters

It will never do to let the doctors usurp the functions of the judges. Nevertheless certain crimes have an important medical aspect, and it is high time steps were taken to curb that form of sexual mania which is evidenced by assaults upon children. These outrages excite the anger of decent men and women. We need waste no sympathy upon their wretched authors. The creature with a mind so diseased that he can satisfy his debased passions only by the pollution of an innocent child would probably be better dead, but since public opinion has not yet sanctioned the lethal chamber we must choose the next best thing. Instead we frequently choose the worst.

At Liverpool the other day a young man convicted not for the first time of indecent assault, told the Recorder that prison life with its solitary confinement simply tended to aggravate the horrible obsession from which he suffered. In proof of his sincerity the wretched youth asked for a flogging, which the Recorder had no power to inflict. But the issue raised is one of great social importance. That the ordinary prison regime is the worst of all treatments for the sexual degenerate every doctor knows.

It is a knowledge of this fact which tempts certain Magistrates to view sexual offences with a dangerous leniency tending directly to encourage this class of crime. What is needed is a wholesale determination to protect childhood at all costs, coupled with an intelligent effort to devise a rational form of treatment for the criminal. The worst of all possible methods is that which shuts him up with no company but his evil imagination, and in a few weeks or months sets him free once more to translate vile thought into foul deed. Probably many of these marauders of innocence are sexual maniacs who ought never to be at large. Others again ought to be surgically treated. Others still might respond to mental treatment on intelligent lines.

The Home Office should take counsel with the doctors and hammer out a plan of action to protect our children from these vile abuses. As things are the plague is spreading like a prairie fire, until in many districts it is hardly safe for a child to be out alone after dark. Punish the miscreants by all means, but let it be done intelligently.

IN a few weeks from now it is proposed to lift the Allied embargo upon aircraft construction in Germany and to give our former enemies *carte blanche* to perfect their aerial resources.

The Same Germany

If we question the wisdom of this decision we shall no doubt be accused of possessing "the war mind." We will risk it. At any rate, unlike some of our contemporaries, we have the war memory, and we cannot reconcile ourselves to the wholesale abandonment of the safeguards imposed by the Treaty of Versailles. In our judgment it is much too early to give Germany full leave and licence to equip herself as a first-class fighting Power, and since aircraft are certain to play the leading part in the next war the step now under consideration can have no other result. The conversion of civilian aircraft into death-dealing engines of war is child's play to the expert.

Frankly, we no more believe to-day in the policy of "sweet reasonableness" towards the German nation than we did in the years immediately preceding the war. We did not trust the German people then and we do not trust them now. It is all very well to talk of forgiveness, but penitence is an essential preliminary to pardon, and frankly we see no signs of it. On the contrary, there is abundant evidence of an unregenerate spirit in Germany. France knows full well that she is poised aloft on a devil's see-saw which in a few years from now may be rocking in a fresh havoc of destruction. Germany is not to be trusted with lethal weapons. In our sloth and folly we are making a hideous mistake.

SINCE the Labour Party are demanding a General Election, we may venture to enquire how far they are prepared to meet it. Their list of candidates contains a number of imposing names, but that is neither here nor there. Measures, not men! What is the programme? To be quite frank, it is the same old collection of stale platitudes, addled economics, and half-baked political theory which has done duty in place of a policy since Keir Hardie first wooed the electors of Merthyr a generation ago.

"Labour" Follies

By a strange irony the Labour Party is the most conservative party in the State. The Tories are red-hot progressives in comparison. The latest exponent of the Labour gospel mumbles the exploded fallacies of Karl Marx, who departed this mortal life in 1883, with all the enthusiasm of a prophet who has received a new revelation from on high. Probably Mr. J. R. Clynes would be at a loss to explain how the policy which has ruined Russia can be expected to redeem Great Britain. The things with which the Labour Party are concerned, or ought to be concerned, are simple things; such, for instance, as the elementary right to a living wage, to a sufficiency of employment, to reasonable leisure and tolerable conditions of life. These are the things the working-man really cares about, and no amount of fiery rhetoric will convince him that he really desires to overturn the industrial order and bring about what the high-brows of the Labour movement are pleased to describe, with the elegant diction of a nicely-spoken parrot, as "the socialisation of the means of production, distribution, and exchange."

What the British working-man wants is a decent job, a living wage, a little leisure, and a reasonable chance for his children. To ensure these primary boons it is not necessary to smash "capitalism," to upset the industrial order, or to abolish private ownership, any more than it was for Charles Lamb's Chinaman to burn down the house to roast his pig.

THE Honours Inquiry is a revolting farce, and we venture to predict that it will fail in its primary object of hoodwinking the public.

Sinister Secrecy

To begin with, it is to deal only with the virgin future, and not at all with the corrupt past. The Prime Minister is to be forgiven for selling titles yesterday if only he will promise to award them honestly to-morrow. The public are not even to catch a glimpse of the skeleton in the cupboard.

And the inquiry is to be held in secret. Only the report is to be public, the evidence is to be suppressed. But it is the evidence that matters. All that will happen now is that the Commission will draw up recommendations for the future, and we shall never know the scandalous reasons which have influenced their decision. By such a tribunal as the Honours Commission Judas would have been bound over to be of good behaviour and all mention of the thirty pieces of silver jealously suppressed.

THE NEXT PRIME MINISTER

by

A. G. GARDINER

THE title assumes that someone is going to succeed Mr. Lloyd George. You will say that this is a large assumption and with that I should agree. With so nimble a politician we shall never be quite sure that he has met his Waterloo until the day after that event. But he is in a very tight place. His position has become so shaky that two courses only seem open to him (1) to resign, (2) to dissolve.

He is not the man to resign. He will cling like a limpet to the rock of office and go to the country either just before Christmas or soon after.

Will he come back? If he can induce the Conservative leaders to keep their flock in order he may do so. But the Conservative flock are in a rebellious mood all over the country. They are weary of Mr. George and may defy their leaders, and if they decide to throw Jonah overboard he is doomed. The Liberals will not have him, Labour will not have him, and his own personal following of Coalition Liberals will melt away in the constituencies. I think that whether the election comes this side or the other side of Christmas, the Conservatives will be the largest group in the House. Whether they will be a majority of the House is more doubtful. If they are, then I fancy we shall see our old friend Earl Balfour back as Premier, with an entirely Conservative Ministry. And if not Lord Balfour, then Lord Derby. That at least would be an improvement on the present Maskelyne and Cook regime.

But assuming that the Conservatives do not get a majority of the House, a more problematical situation arises. The Labour Party are pretty certain to be the second strongest group. I fancy they will get not much fewer than 200 seats, and possibly more. The Liberals would be the third group, with anything from 100 to 150 seats. Assume that together these two Parties have a working majority, would they agree to form an Administration? Labour says "No" now; but after the event I think it will say "Yes."

If, being the stronger Party, Labour claims the Premiership, where will the crown fall? There are three possibilities—Mr. Arthur Henderson, Mr. Clynes and Mr. J. H. Thomas. It will be a pretty struggle. I should in such a race back Mr. Henderson. He is not a brilliant man, but he is a capable man, knows his limitations, knows his own mind, is quite straight, does not talk nonsense, and has plenty of horse-sense.

The alternatives are Lord Grey, Lord Robert Cecil and Mr. Asquith. Of these the favourite I think would be Lord Robert, for Labour cannot forgive Lord Grey his share in pre-war diplomacy. Lord Robert is an honest man, a good European, a passionate believer in the League of Nations' solution of the world problem, and would make a first-rate Premier.

But Jonah is not yet overboard, and he will fight like a tiger before he is shaken off.

THE WAY OUT

by HARO

THE Salvation of Britain does no a sick Europe to health, but own healthy, wholesome, and civi for us to lick the self-inflicted wou cure our own wounds from our ov among our own peo

THE "touch and go" crisis in the Near East has, at much cost, done us one great service: it has made us open our eyes to see where we have been going. Our road took us to the very verge of another war—we looked into the abyss, and recoiled. But the price we have to pay for keeping a precarious Peace is to let the Turk have pretty much his own way—he saves his entire bacon and we just manage to save our face.

Not to waste ink, the Peace we have fixed up with the Turk merely means that, so far as the Near East is concerned, we have lost the Great War.

What we thought we had bought, at a terrible cost, was victory; but when the actual "goods" come to be delivered, we open the packet the politicians bring us and find that their goods have "gone bad." So we cut our loss, throw the stinking thing away, and get back to "as you were."

WE must, therefore, begin to do a little stock-taking, and ask ourselves whether, after all, we may not have to cut our loss *all round*.

Let us take everything in turn that we were supposed to have fought for, and then ask how far we have attained our object, or missed it. And we will take the aims, not of those people who wanted to see the losers really made to pay (and who are therefore called Jingoes, war-whoopers, and fire-eaters), but the aims of those "refined" and superior people who said that if we would only give up the vindictive idea of "the fruits of victory," the end of Armageddon would bring us to the Millennium just round the corner.

FIRST, we fought for the sanctity of Treaties. And the very first Treaty they wish to see torn up is the Treaty of Peace itself that ended a war "to vindicate Treaties."

Second, we fought for "the sacred rights of small nations." And we find that the small nations are just as truculent, self-seeking and militaristic as the big nations; that, for their size, they are even more troublesome and dangerous to the world's peace; that the notion of nations being admirable and noble in inverse ratio to their size is merely high-flown twaddle and a fly-blown delusion; and that the small nations are proving, not only in the Balkans, but much nearer home, not worth our sympathy.

Third, we fought the war "to end war." And the world has never been at peace since "Peace" came. Indeed, so perilous and precarious is the Peace of Europe that our Prime Minister positively thought the grandiose futility of Genoa was worth while, because, at the last moment, when the delegates and lady typists were so busy saying "Toodle-oo!" to each other that nobody noticed what was going on, he managed to get a show of hands "guaranteeing a solemn pact of peace" until somewhere about next Christmas!

MR. BO

Fourth, we fought (so it was said) not for such an immoral thing as victory, but for the brotherhood of man, and a universal Kiss-in-the-ring. And, in the result, we find that never since the nations of the earth began to know anything about each other have they loved each other so little as since "Peace" came. The whole idea of the Peace Conference was to subordinate the price of victory to a League which should unite the nations in a fraterna bond, and make war impossible.

And we find that we have got a Leagu which suffers from congenital rickets, an which can no more stop wars than it ca stop the rain; whilst so far are the nation from being bound together by fraternal lov that *even the Allies* are showing among themselves all the rancours, jealousies, an distrusts which kept Europe simmerin (though very mildly indeed by compari-on before the War.

In short, on that side of the account, the is nothing but disillusion, mockery, and los

What is there, then, on the other side the account? Well, there is still th British Empire. It is very badly shaken, f no sooner had one set of external foes be frustrated than another set began, aided b internal foes. But it is still there, tha God, and it is for us to draw comfort an strength from the British Empire to conso us for the disillusion, and compensate us f the loss, elsewhere.

There lies the true road of our salvation.

A few days ago, Mr. Bonar Law came in line with those who think so. Dealing wi the Turkish crisis, he said that if Fran did not give us the support in Europe policy which she expected us to give h we might come to the conclusion, li America, that the Continent must go own way, whilst we began to concentra on our own neglected family affairs in t British Empire.

OF THE MESS

D OWEN

lie in the long process of restoring the much quicker relief that our ed Empire can give us. It is not ds of Russia and Germany, but to medicine chest. Our destinies lie le in our own lands.

AR LAW

It was not an original idea. A few of us have been imploring the Prime Minister for years to get away from his idea of universal chaos and perdition unless "hungry Russia" and "angry Germany" were "set on their feet," and to take his morbid mind off "sick Europe" a little, and find comfort in contemplating the immense possibilities of a healthy British Empire.

For my own part, I have said all along that if he would only give as much attention to developing trade within the Empire as he has given to making fantastically useless "trade Treaties" with the dustbin that is now Russia, he would be doing much better service to his country and mankind.

For what is the essential fact about the British Empire? *That it holds within itself everything it needs.* I will attempt no statistical catalogue of what products the British Empire yields—from wheat to gold; flax to tin; silk to tungsten; cotton to castor-oil; coal to asbestos; wool to tallow; tea, coffee, rubber, hides, timber, tobacco, and so on in an almost interminable list of all those things that mean wealth.

But the upshot is that in all essentials the British Empire either is already capable, or could soon be made quite capable, of supplying its own material needs. For food it is already self-sufficing. Its mineral wealth is only half developed; in wool it is supreme, it has practically a monopoly of the finest cotton grown; its manufacturing capacity is unlimited; its climates are so varied that there is hardly anything grown in nature which is not found somewhere within its confines; and it is not too much to say that if the rest of the planet went on strike, there is scarcely a necessity, or even a luxury, of human existence which could not be found in the far-flung British Empire.

Why, then, do we neglect the great possibilities of this great family concern of ours?

The answer is that the policy of our politicians is based more upon ideas than *facts*. Their politics are, so to speak, political rather than practical. They have succumbed to the gospel of revolutionary-minded people, and have come to be obsessed with the false idea that, if we are to be "saved," we must "make friends" with people whose friendship is, in any case, not greatly worth having.

Hence, ever since the war has ended, they have been running after enemies and away from friends; and making frenzied appeals for us to "shake hands" with people who have no hand to offer us except one to beg with and the other to stab us with; and they have been quite falsely and wickedly pretending that our salvation depended on appeasing the Russia of "the bulging corn bins" one year and "hungry Russia," desperate with famine, the next year.

DO you remember how, when Krassin first appeared and an incredulous country learned that the Premier was going to negotiate a "trade treaty" with him, the defence was that, unless we could make friends with the Bolsheviks and persuade them to "open their granaries," we should go short of food?

Well, in 1913, the year *before* the war, out of the 206 millions of wheat bushels we imported, our own Empire supplied us with half, and Russia with only ten millions!

Do you remember how, right down to Genoa, the argument was that it was no wonder our streets were full of unemployed, when "the great Russian market was closed to us."

Well, in 1913, Russia took only 18 millions of our exports, against the 195 millions we exported to our own Empire.

ARE the politicians ignorant of these facts? Well, read this:—

"We have been taught by the war the real value of the Empire as a world force, and one of *the first duties of statesmanship* in the near future will be to take all measures which are necessary to aid in the development of the stupendous resources of our Empire, with its infinite resources in wealth, in minerals, in food products, in timber, and in every commodity needful to man."

That is an extract from a speech delivered at the Guildhall in April, 1917, but you would never guess who the orator was. It was Mr. Lloyd George, who has never once recalled since the war what he said when the war was still going on, but has devoted nearly all his energies to the fantastic delusion that our salvation lies in trading with a country that can buy nothing from us unless we can lend them the money to pay for it, and that has nothing to export to us except pestilence and propaganda.

It is not for us to lick the self-inflicted wounds of Russia and Germany, but to cure our own wounds from our own medicine chest. Our destinies lie among our own people and in our own lands.

INSURANCE AND SOUR GRAPES

by

AN INSURANCE EXPERT

CERTAIN publications have recently been conducting an alarmist campaign against Newspaper Insurance. Why this sudden awakening to the disadvantages of Insurance offered by newspapers? Is it because the papers concerned have a special mission to enlighten the public, or because their circulations have suffered on account of the generous Insurance offers made by their enterprising competitors? Is it sweet solicitude or sour grapes?

The public is entitled to know the truth.

As a result of close investigation, it appears that some statements made against Insurances offered by daily papers are not without foundation. There undoubtedly exists a certain amount of dissatisfaction on the part of claimants. The investigation of many claims is delayed so long that readees give up in disgust the thought of securing their money. Again, many claimants are disqualified on account of minor objections.

The root of the trouble lies in the fact that the daily newspapers contract with Insurance Companies to accept liability for payments. Naturally, it is to the advantage of a paper to pay as many claims as possible, and for the Insurance Company to pay as few as it legally can.

If a newspaper is honestly to discharge its duty to those it undertakes to insure, it must at all costs maintain intimate touch with the registered reader. The newspaper should, in fact, be its own Insurance Company, and accept full responsibility for the settlement of claims. This means that every claim sent in will be sympathetically considered instead of being technically debated. Under such a scheme, hundreds of claims held inadmissible by the insurance companies would be paid.

Personally, if I were choosing a newspaper insurance, I would have nothing to do with any policy under which risks were farmed out to big Insurance Companies, and incidentally, I may congratulate the proprietors of JOHN BULL upon having chosen the sound and sensible plan of handling their own claims.

Extravagant offers which are not genuine are of very little practical use. The sound line of development in newspaper insurance is that followed by JOHN BULL, and I am not surprised to learn that it is working with complete satisfaction to all concerned. The benefits offered are of a substantial kind, and I have seen no policy issued by any Insurance Company which gives the same value for so small a premium.

It is not my purpose, however, to dilate upon the advantages of this scheme or that, but rather to insist upon the principle that newspapers should handle their own claims and so avoid friction and misunderstanding. The system under which a paper puts out its claims to the great Insurance Companies is hopelessly discredited, and I am glad that JOHN BULL has found the better way.

Impertinent Interviews

by HARRISON OWEN

"VERILY, your Grace, it is easier for a camel to pass through the eye of a needle than for a journalist to gain audience with the head of the national Church," remarked the Impertinent Interviewer, having, after many rebuffs, penetrated to the sanctum of the Archbishop of Canterbury.

"A journalist, did you say?" inquired the Archbishop, raising his eyebrows; "really, I was under a misapprehension when I made the appointment. I never grant interviews to the Press."

"So I understand, your Grace," replied Bertie; "but I thought that on this occasion you might welcome the opportunity of addressing a congregation numbering hundreds of thousands, instead of the few hundred select souls you are able to reach from your pulpit."

"There is room in the Church for all; they have but to come," was the reply.

"I venture to suggest," remarked Bertie, "that that is one of the Church's mistakes. Instead of waiting for people to come to Church, the Church should go to the people. I have just been reading the Archbishop of York's address to the Church Congress, and it struck me that one reason why, as he says, 'Religion attracts, but the Church repels,' is that the Church lacks the spirit of the old Crusaders."

"Surely, Mr. Bull," remonstrated the Archbishop, "you do not expect the Church to compete for popularity with — er — certain other institutions; to step down from its lofty eminence; to, er, as it were——"

"To stoop to conquer?" suggested Bertie; "why not, your Grace? The Founder of Christianity went into the highways and byways to spread the light, but nowadays we must either be content with the dim, religious light of a cathedral or remain in outer darkness. The Archbishop of York, I notice, says that the dullness of the Church is an offence. Certainly it seems that the age of pulpit giants is past, and the reverend gentlemen who preach against Sunday games, under the delusion that the Day of Rest should be a Day of Rust, and the Canons who volley and thunder against the flapper, are poor substitutes."

The Archbishop made a gesture of protest. "It is the duty of the Church, Mr. Bull," he declared, "to expose evil and condemn sin."

"But surely," urged Bertie, "the Church might occasionally hit someone its own size. If it ceased to mistake gaiety for godlessness, gave the flapper a rest and went into the ring against the profiteer and the slum landlord, it would win the respect of many who make no claim to being religious ——"

"You must excuse me," remarked the Archbishop, rising, "but in reminding me that I am head of the Church, you remind me also that the head of the Church makes a point of refusing interviews to the Press. I am afraid I have already gone some distance toward breaking that rule."

"With all respect, your Grace," the Interviewer told him, "big men need not worry about breaking small rules. This, sir, is an age of broadcasting, and I would like to say that any time your Grace wishes to look beyond your own tabernacle and give a message to the people—a message intended for the many, rather than the few—there is a pulpit in Long Acre at your Grace's disposal, from which you can address all classes and creeds!"

Printers' Pie . . .

(Half-a-crown is paid to the sender of every item published. Envelopes must be marked "Pie.")

"WEEKLY TELEGRAPH":—"Mix 18 LB. of shellac with 1½ LB. of salt of tartar . . . and 5½ GALLONS of water. These materials are to be PUT IN A KETTLE and made to boil gradually.'

"BIRMINGHAM MAIL" (advertisement):—"Canvassers . . . for articles used in every household; 100 PER CENT. below retailers."

"SPORTS POST":—"The directors of both sides relied upon the SAME TEAMS that did duty last week . . . Halifax made THREE CHANGES IN THE SIDE WHICH BEAT THE ROVERS LAST WEEK."

"NORTH DEVON JOURNAL":—"A feature of the plaster is its EXTREME THICKNESS, being LESS THAN ONE-EIGHTH OF AN INCH."

"PORTSMOUTH FOOTBALL MAIL":—"He . . . stands AN INCH ALL BUT SIX FEET."

"MANCHESTER GUARDIAN" (Company meeting report):—"He felt confident that the character of the Company as a PROFITEERING concern, proved by the results of former years, had been maintained unimpaired."

"GLOUCESTERSHIRE ECHO":—"It was very FORTUNATE that the accident occurred where trained aid was not available, because such aid would almost certainly have saved his life."

"DERBY STANDARD":—"For ASSAULTING Police-Constable English —— WAS PRESENTED WITH A MARBLE CLOCK."

WILL YOU HELP THE OLD LADY?

A Chance to do a Good Action to a Deserving Person

BELOW we print a typical letter received by "Humanist" from a Dover reader. The "Greatest of These" Fund does give what help it can in such cases, but it is *your* money which we hand on. Every contribution sent to us goes to the poor and the desperate. Donations should be sent to "The Greatest of These" Fund, JOHN BULL, 93, Long Acre, W.C. 2.

"I am writing to you on behalf of an old lady who is now lodging with me. She is a cook, 68 years of age; at present she is laid up with a bad foot, caused through overwork. She is practically alone, and now being unable to take a place, all she has to depend on is getting some needlework or mending to do, and she also does 'Tatting.' She is an excellent needlewoman for plain work, either ladies' or children's. If she can get a little work she would be so grateful; her one dread is that she will have to go to the 'Union.' All her life she has worked hard, and to-day would starve rather than go into the workhouse. She can work with her hands when resting her foot, and is willing to do any job that will enable her to rent her modest little room and feel it's her little home. If she is spared it will be nearly two years before she could draw the Old Age Pension. I'm doing what I can for her, but feel I must write to you and see whether, amongst those you know, anyone will give her a helping hand. Hers is a thoroughly deserving case; she has been working for some time for some of the 'élite,' who have given her wages that even a general maid would scorn, and yet these very people would spend more on one unnecessary article than her wage was for a whole week's cooking and cleaning up after.

"'Mr. Humanist,' what is the best to do for the poor old soul? I do always look out for your page in 'J.B.' You're doing a magnificent work. My object in sending this is to see if I could, through you, help her at all.

"I've had many acts of kindness done for both my small sons and myself since I lost my husband in 1917 (he was one of the Regulars in the R.G.A.) and I think it's up to me, having had many kindnesses shown, to pass them on."

"Humanist"

WRITE to "Humanist" when you are in trouble. Not money trouble, because he cannot help you there: and not trouble due to loss of employment, but the trouble which gnaws at a man or woman's heart.

If you suggest that you could be helped by preferential treatment in our "Bullets" competition, your letter goes into the wastepaper basket.

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ACKNOWLEDGMENTS.

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Many acknowledgments unavoidably held over

CANDID COMMUNICATIONS

Outspoken Messages to Celebrities, Notorieties, and Occasionally Nonentities.

To the Right Hon. EDWARD SHORTT, P.C., M.P., Home Office, Whitehall.

DEAR TEDDY,—The newspapers are again busy appointing you to the Bench. Don't you believe them. It is a wise man who knows his own limitations, and it would be painful to me to call you a fool. Your bungling in the True reprieve and the Jacoby execution proved that you are utterly unable to arrive at a judicial decision. Seek some less exalted sphere for your activities, and do not be deluded into believing that you can ever be a Daniel come to judgment. It won't do. JOHN BULL.

To the Right Hon. Sir ERIC GEDDES, P.C., M.P., Manchester Square, W.

DEAR SIR ERIC,—Out of the fullness of your heart you told the Thirty Club, after dinner, that reparations can be got out of Germany only by money or goods. You added that Germany has no money, and if we take her goods it means unemployment. Are you so tired of swinging the axe that you now take to swinging the lead? You have just been to Germany. So have others. Do you think all the champagne-drinking, German-speaking people in the swagger restaurants are visitors? Is it so easy to impose on a holiday-making super-man? Think this matter over, you super-man without guile—and then wake up!

JOHN BULL.

To the Rt. Hon. Sir LAMING WORTHINGTON-EVANS, Bart., M.P., Secretary of State for War.

DEAR SIR,—War is a thing abhorrent to me, but I feel that a word of commendation is due to you for the remarkable celerity with which men and munitions were transported through the Mediterranean in readiness for any emergency. Had the worst happened, and war broken out, the country would at least have had the gratification of knowing that it has in you a War Minister who is not to be caught napping. JOHN BULL.

To PRINCE BIBESCO, London, W,

YOUR HIGHNESS,—Fined forty pounds at Chertsey for exceeding the motor speed limit, your chauffeur paid the money. The police estimated your speed at thirty-five miles an hour in a narrow street with a ten-mile limit. Perhaps you think a Highness entitled to High Speed. That road leads to manslaughter. You must learn, Eminent Person, that you cannot play ducks and drakes with the safety of the people of this country, even though you are Mrs. Asquith's son-in-law. JOHN BULL.

To the Very Rev. Dean INGE, St. Paul's Cathedral.

DEAR DEAN,—Those who christened you the "Gloomy Dean" rather overdid it. You are, in any case, quite right in saying that sudden conversion is a dangerous doctrine. It is unwise to regard the notorious drunkards and ex-burglars who suddenly "get religion" as pillars of the Church. Being good is by no means an easy job. JOHN BULL.

To Capt. Sir WM. NOTT-BOWER, Commissioner of City Police, Old Jewry, E.C.

DEAR SIR WILLIAM,—Read what Alderman Sir David Burnett said in fining the manageress of the Ashanti Tea Rooms for permitting disorderly conduct. He complained that the real offender in these cases is the proprietor, who escapes in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred. Don't you think that it is up to you to remedy this—an easy task—instead of setting traps for pound-a-week waitresses? JOHN BULL.

To the Rt. Hon. Dr. MACNAMARA, P.C., M.P., Ministry of Labour.

DEAR "MAC,"—You tell us, with portentous gravity, that trade and employment are making a slow, painfully slow, recovery. Very slow, very painful—with nearly a million and a half unemployed in the land. The recovery would be much quicker, and much less painful, if you and your Department got a move on with your belated housing schemes, instead of talking about them. Deeds, not words, are wanted from the Ministry of Labour. JOHN BULL.

To Mr. H. G. ROGERS, Cobham, Surrey.

MY DEAR SIR,—Having made a fortune through the discovery in extraordinary circumstances of some valuable paintings in an old oak chest, you have repaid the Guardians £38 which you had received from them in time of distress, and also handed them a cheque for a Christmas treat at the workhouse. You are evidently the sort of good fellow who deserves a stroke of luck, and I congratulate you and wish you continued prosperity and happiness. JOHN BULL.

To C. C. CURTIS, Esq., Chairman, Kesteven Petty Sessions, Lincoln.

SIR,—It does not seem to have occurred to you that a man who steals ladies' underclothes from a clothes-line is a proper subject for medical examination. Accordingly you treated George Baker as an ordinary thief, in spite of the written statement which he handed in, and fined him £4. This was clearly an instance of a well-known form of sexual mania ("fetish-worship") and, instead of being left at large to repeat his offence and perhaps do something far worse, the man should have been sent to an asylum to be cured.

JOHN BULL.

To JOHN CONLON, Warwick Boarding House, Loch Promenade, Douglas.

SIR,—Apparently you object to your wife's sister, and when she came to visit your daughters you hit her in the face. You also knocked one of your daughters down when she intervened and nearly strangled the other one. When summoned, you had the audacity to say that it was "regrettable that a domestic incident like this should find its way into Court." While you ought to have had a thorough hiding instead of being fined £2, I am glad that the publicity given to this "domestic incident" will show your fellow-townsmen and the people who have patronised your boarding-house exactly what sort of a brute you are. JOHN BULL.

To Dr. W. A. CHAPPLE, M.D., Ch.B., 43, Grosvenor Road, S.W.

SIR,—Drunkenness, according to a statement made by you at Lancaster, is less of an evil than moderate drinking, because it gives a false impression of safety when there is in reality no proof that the craving will not subsequently assert itself. This argument strikes me as contemptibly poor. You might say with equal reason that we should abstain from eating in case we should all become gluttons.

JOHN BULL.

To JOHN HARDIE, Railway Fireman, High Street, Linlithgow.

SIR,—Your activities as a Peeping Tom have at last brought you into Court, and you have been fined £4 for looking into a woman's bedroom. As you incurred serious risk by walking along a four-inch ledge to indulge your prurient curiosity, I rather doubt if you are sane. Better consult a doctor.

JOHN BULL.

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John Bull's Footballers

No. 5.—T. BROMILOW (Liverpool)

LIVERPOOL are all out for the great double this season, the League Championship and the Cup, and if they bring it off you can bet Tom Bromilow is going to have a lot to do with it.

Here's a piece of information for the F.A. Selection Committee. Five celebrated footballers, three of them internationals, have this season told me Bromilow is the most accomplished left half in the country. Billy Watson, the Burnley skipper, thinks the same, and Watson knows a thing or two about football.

Bromilow was born not far from the ground on which he has played so many great games. He could kick a ball when only a toddler, and when he jumped out of junior football into the top class he had come to stay. As a product of Liverpool, Tom is idolised on Merseyside, and if there is a more popular figure in the game I don't know of him.

On the field Bromilow gives you the impression that he is more stylish than forceful, but that's where we go wrong. Tom hasn't a superabundance of weight, but none can time a charge better, and he gets the ball when he goes for it nine times in ten.

But it's as a schemer and a thinker that Bromilow counts. His anticipation is uncanny, his interception infallible, and when he has the ball he holds it until the necessary fraction of a second. In other words, he knows what he wants to do and does it.

I should like to bet half of Liverpool's many goals have had their origin in his harmony of brain and foot. And every movement of his is stamped with elegance.

The greatness of Grimsdell kept Bromilow out of England's team for a time, but after helping the North to beat an England team by 6-1, he got his cap against Wales, and last April had a footballer's greatest distinction—selection for the England-Scotland game. Of course, he has a League Championship medal, and only requires a Cup one to complete his honours.

Just one more little Bromilow tribute. It was mainly due to him that the wages of young players gaining a regular place in a League team were increased. This is one of the most notable personal achievements in football finance, and Tom is very properly proud of it. P. S.

Next week :—F. BARSON (Manchester U.)

Don't Say "Tishy"

THE first man I ever saw executed in England made a confession on the scaffold. He said briefly, illuminatingly and convincingly: "I done it."

There was nothing more to be said.

I tipped Tishy for the Cesarewitch; I persistently tipped Tishy; I wired Tishy, and, most lamentable fact of all, I backed Tishy to win me £5,000. If I were a hypocrite and a liar, I should say that the loss of my readers' money was the thing that really broke my heart. It is the loss of my own that really hurts.

Not Backed.

Tishy ran like a jade. She is a jade, and there is no excuse for her. I am told that Mr. Rothschild did not back her for a penny. I can only say that the big bookmakers were very chary of laying her, and though she eased at the finish, she was a tight nine, and ten to one for a long time.

Jeering the Yellow Chevrons.

Tishy is now out of my life, and one presumes of Mr. Jimmy Rothschild's also. It was not good to hear the yellow and blue jeered as its wearer brought poor old Tishy past the post at the tail of the field.

That is all ancient history now, and I am glad it is. By the time this appears in print, even my bookmakers will be paid.

Taylor Will Win the Cambridgeshire.

There is a lot of talk about various candidates for the Cambridgeshire, but from what we saw at Newmarket last Wednesday, Mr. Alec Taylor holds the race in the hollow of his hand. Stratford or Sister-in-Law or Lady Juror must win, it seems to me. I might remark that neither Stratford nor Sister-in-Law was touched with the whip last week—a fact that you may remember, and I thought Sister-in-Law could have been much nearer the winner if she had been pushed.

A Clever Light-Weight.

I was very glad to see young Pryor piloting a big winner. This is one of the steadiest boys riding, and one of the most reliable. He is the type who follows orders—a fact which cost him the Royal Hunt Cup on Stratford, for a couple of rib-benders might have settled the race in two strides. He was told to sit and suffer, and he did.

Did I Put You Off?

The only satisfaction I have about the Cesarewitch is that I didn't put anybody off the winner. Nobody will have the nerve to write and say: "If you hadn't sent me your rotten wire I should have backed Light Dragoon!"

Come on 99th!

May I express the hope that those bookmakers who have had a skinner over the big race will send even a ninety-ninth of their winnings to our "Greatest of These" Fund?

Readers should note that Shri lost her race last week because she could not stay.

The Best Thing of the Week is:

THE VILLAGER**

in the 4 o'clock race, Sandown Park (Friday).

. . . Sports and

Treat All Alike.

I see that Sir Charles Nugent was reprimanded by the stewards for ordering Morgan to walk Lady Sleipner to the post. The stewards must have a consistent policy. Again and again starts have been delayed because horses have been walked or led to the starting gate, and the stewards have said nothing about it.

Rock Fire.

One of the horses being talked up for the Cambridgeshire is Rock Fire, and I think if you take a long price about this one you will see good hedging.

Charlebelle.

I have said that I did not like Charlebelle for the Cesarewitch. She ran so well for two miles that if she goes for the Derby Cup I should not oppose her.

What is a Stayer?

It is funny to read that "Charlebelle is not a stayer" because she had had enough when two miles of the journey was gone. Light Dragoon was put down as a non-stayer because he could not "stay" a mile and a half at Sandown; another horse is not a stayer because he cannot quite get 6 furlongs.

An Amazing Time.

The truth is that "staying" is a very elastic term. A horse that cannot go the "mile and a half pace" is no more a non-stayer than one that cannot go the six-furlong pace. It is wholly a matter of consistent pacing. But the amazing thing about the Cesarewitch is that it was a faster run race, furlong by furlong, than the race which Light Dragoon lost at Sandown!

—SELECTIONS.—

[The horses in parentheses after the black letter selection are, in their order, alternative tips if the principal selection is absent.]

GATWICK (WEDNESDAY).

2. 0 **Billy Sunday** (Be Cool, Rackway).
2.30 **Tobermory** (Noce d'Argent, Laila g.).
3. 0 **Perhaps** (Hideaway, Phœnix).
3.30 **Hatchford** (Wonder, Detritus).
4. 0 **Pictura** (Dark Fox, Trumpeter).
4.25 **Phat** (King Throstle, Lord Penzance).

NEWCASTLE (WEDNESDAY).

2. 0 **Fulneck** (Dusky Princess, Sheffield Lane).
2.30 **Dancer** (Greta Bridge, Velvet Glove).
3. 0 **Gold Willow** (Board of Guardians, Rowardennan).
3.30 **Viviani** (High Society, Galloping Slav).
4. 0 **Proud Mary** (Hong-Kong, Buffoon).

DONCASTER (THURSDAY).

1.15 **Abanazar** (Policewoman, Buffoon).
1.45 **Grace** (Miss White, Lilla Cross).
2.15 **Zoomp** (Cilista, Stockwood).
2.45 **Roger De Busli** (Tranquil, Vespers).
3.15 **Alaric** (White Satin, Lord of Burghley).
3.45 **Jarvie** (Dane's Voe, Legend).
4.15 **Cottage** (Sailor Son, Astronomical).

DONCASTER (FRIDAY).

1.15 **Miss China Keen** (Bis, Sheffield Lane).
1.45 **Lucentio** (Martinmas, Stop-Watch).
2.15 **Hatchford** (Scaldino, Benrinnes).
2.45 **Adorna** (Glorioso, Star of Blyth).
3.15 **Sangot** (Blue Cloud, The Carpenter).
3.45 **Bayden** (Irish Cousin, Astronomical).

SANDOWN PARK (FRIDAY).

1.30 **Canopus** (Glen Eagle, Billy Sunday).
2. 0 **Lapidary** (Currency, Gammadion).
2.30 **Captain Fracasse** (Craigangower, Clackmannan).
3. 0 **Tornaveen** (Zareba, Erycina).
3.30 **Phaon** (American Boy, Scorpio).
4. 0 **The Villager** (Galway Prince, Milenko).

STOCKTON (SATURDAY).

1.30 **Miss China Keen.**
2. 0 **Badnabay.**
2.30 **Rhodarene.**
3. 0 **Star of Blyth.**
3.30 **Silver Square.**

NOTES ON HORSES.

Poisoned Arrow must have pleased his Cambridgeshire backers by his display at Kempton Park. The straight-away course at Newmarket should suit him to a T.

Monarch, on the other hand, can scarcely have satisfied his admirers. He comes out, indeed, only about the same animal as Impertinent at even weights.

Another erstwhile Cambridgeshire favourite may be said to have received his quietus in the Vale of Sunbury. Excuses were advanced for Sicyon's defeat on this occasion, but he did no better at Newmarket a few days later, and has evidently "trained off."

It is notorious that selling-plate winners sometimes realise exorbitant prices. Bart Snowball, for instance, after winning at Newbury a short time ago, was bought in for 820 gns.; yet at Newmarket the other day no one would give 700 gns. for him, despite the fact that he had an engagement at Lingfield apparently at his mercy.

CANARY SEED.—Was sent home after a fruitless journey to Warwick when it was found she would have to oppose Cos. She is none the worse for her travelling experiences, and should be kept an eye upon.

RECESS.—This filly, if not altogether worthy of her distinguished lineage, nevertheless possesses the gift of going, and the fact is worth bearing in mind that she possesses abundant stamina.

HOME FIRE.—Has missed one or two engagements recently in which he had a flattering appearance. He looks like a winner soon.

DONATI'S COMET.—Had won everywhere at Kempton Park except on the post, and the mare can hop it to such a lively tune over five furlongs that she is scarcely likely to return to Ireland empty-handed.

WARRIOR.—This horse has done nothing since Mrs. Brownlee gave a big price for him at Hurst Park in the spring. He has been sent along at exercise lately, and it should not be long before his day arrives.

ROWLEY MILE STONES.

Hatchford will win a Nursery.

* * *

Follow Galante colt, until the season ends. Don't forget that good Nursery winners generally do it several times.

* * *

Tishy would make a fortune for the travelling showman. "2d. admission to see the horse that didn't."

* * *

She is in the Derby Cup, and if she wins, I shan't. My own opinion is that the cold kills her.

* * *

ANSWERS.

LOOP (Catford).—Light Dragoon was not backed by the stable. She was last in Charlebelle's trial, and was in the race to make running for Mr. Cunliffe's filly.

* * *

A. K. B. (Wigan).—There is no "rule" of Tattersalls' fixing the starting price. The *Sporting Life's* "authority" is as nebulous as the Jockey's Club's "authority." It has grown up, and nobody dreams of disputing the decision of either.

* * *

LANDSMAN (Cardiff).—I cannot recommend any systems. The Dare Calculations show a profit on the year.

A "star" turn—solve "JOHN BULL'S"

Sportsmen by ROWLEY MILE

THE BALL GAME

Our Football Naps.

Our football expert was again right on the target with his selections for October 7. Exactly half were correct, and of the 11 drawn games he indicated he was right with 6, a record in itself.

The Other Cock.

Donald Cock cannot perhaps sing as well as his brother of Chelsea, but he's just as good a footballer. I should have thought Fulham could have done with a strong, hustling forward in a team that badly needs more thrust. Cock will do well with Notts County, but his departure from Craven Cottage was received with displeasure by the shilling brigade, who rightly claim they are not getting enough goals for their money.

Big and Good.

Scotland are lucky if at home they have a better centre-half than McCourt, of Sheffield, the best half the United have had since Ernest Needham. McCourt is a big fellow, but not a bit ungainly, and doesn't let his forwards look after themselves. I believe the selectors from the far North have already been watching him.

Only a Youngster.

Why do the football reporters persist in describing Harry Martin, of Notts Forest, as a veteran? I know it's a long time since Harry played for Sunderland, but he's only 31 and good for several more seasons yet.

Morris Handicapped.

Freddy Morris does not get bouquets thrown at him nowadays. Directly after the war he was the most "written up" player in the country, but although not quite so dangerous now as then, he's well amongst the top-weights of inside-lefts. Where Morris is handicapped is in playing with men a bit below his standard. The Albion have seldom had such a moderate team as the present one. I look to Fred Everitt and Jesse Pennington to improve on it.

A Sheffield Flier.

I am glad to see Tunstall, Sheffield United's outside-left, back to his best form. I was highly impressed with this well-built young fellow when I was at Bramall Lane last season, and Tunstall may proceed to international distinction. He's very speedy and can shoot harder and straighter than any other outside forward I can think of.

Born Cheerful.

Billy Blyth, of the Arsenal, is not a finished winger by a long way, but his enthusiasm and persistent endeavour might be imitated by men who turn it up when things do not go their way. Blyth is also blessed with the most cheerful temperament I have struck among the pros, and he's always the same, win or lose. Billy can handle a golf club better than most of us, and has a handicap of no more than 6 or so.

The Evergreen.

Russell, that hefty and sure-footed back, carries on the good work for Plymouth Argyle with no obvious sign that he needs a new thyroid-gland. Russell is one of the many players whose tonsorial expenses are light and occasional, but when you come to look at it you could pick a team of Elijahs who could beat a red-haired lot or an eleven of the type that look as if they have lost their hairpins.

Reduce the Price.

Mr. Wagstaffe Simmons, of the F.A., tells me the progress at the new home of the Cup Final at Wembley is such that it's long odds on everything being ready for the big day. I gather some of the arrangements will be an eye-opener to the crowd, and all I hope is that it will not cost us three shillings to see the game. There are too many unfortunate enthusiasts who simply cannot afford it, and this has got to be recognised.

No Congratulations.

The directors of West Bromwich Albion have taken the lead in what I hope will prove the abolition of the childish custom of a heap of handshakes to a player who has scored a goal. The Albion team are barred from this, and quite right too. Last season in one or two cup-ties we were actually provided with kisses for the goal-scorers. And this from men who had been in the trenches!

Suspended.

There are more well-known players under suspension now than at any other time I can remember. Scottish referees have been ordering off players this season to such an extent that the authorities over the Border seem to be determined to give their end of the game a wash and brush up.

FORECASTS FOR OCTOBER 21.

(Nap Selections in black type.)

Home Winners.

Newcastle, Aston Villa, **Middlesbro',** **Burnley, Liverpool,** Notts Forest, Oldham, **Sheffield United, Tottenham, Bury,** Manchester United, **South Shields,** Wolves, Brighton, **Bristol City, Millwall, Portsmouth, Queen's Park Rangers, Swansea, Swindon, Accrington,** Chesterfield, Crewe, **Grimsby,** Halifax, **Darlington,** Airdrieonians, **Clyde, Dundee, Falkirk, Rangers,** Third Lanark, **Hibernians.**

Away Winners.

Sunderland, **Leicester,** Notts County, Blackpool, **Barnsley, Watford,** Nelson, **Wigan, Celtic, Aberdeen.**

Draws.

Preston v. Manchester City, Clapton v. Wednesday, Coventry v. Derby, Rotherham v. Hull, Aberdare v. Northampton, Luton v. Plymouth, Newport v. Merthyr, Bradford v. Lincoln, Durham v. Stalybridge, Kilmarnock v. Hearts.

Suggested Coups.

SIX HOME:—Burnley, Liverpool, Bury, Grimsby, Dundee, Falkirk.

THREE DRAWS:—Preston v. Manchester, Luton v. Plymouth, Rotherham v. Hull.

1 HOME, 1 AWAY, 1 DRAW:—Liverpool, Barnsley, Bradford v. Lincoln.

4 AWAY:—Leicester, Barnsley, Watford, Aberdeen.

2 HOME, 3 AWAY:—Bristol City, Rangers, Wigan, Celtic, Aberdeen.

2 AWAY, 2 DRAWS:—Barnsley, Aberdeen, Newport v. Merthyr, Durham v. Stalybridge.

Any combination of results suggested by readers will be considered.

"Star of Fortune" Puzzle. £500 in Prizes!

Jockey Special Free

20/- Wires Score Again.

Published every Monday afternoon, containing Three Naps a day, the "JOCKEY SPECIAL" still gives the creme-de-la-creme of information. Next Monday's issue will contain THE WINNER OF THE CAMBRIDGESHIRE and other races. Every copy contains a Coupon entitling the purchaser to

A FREE 20/- WIRE

On Thursdays or Fridays (at his option) by simply sending coupon with a stamped addressed telegraph form. On Thursday last, we sent GALANTE C.—WON—and CAPTAIN FRACASSE—WON—whilst the day after (Friday) we sent WILD MINT—WON 9/2—and a loser. Post at once 2/- for next Monday's issue, or Six Weeks to the end of the Season for 10/- Address: "THE JOCKEY SPECIAL," 84, CHANCERY LANE, LONDON, W.C.2.

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SPECIAL 20/- COLLECTION.

We have made a speciality of testing the different varieties of Bulbs which are the best and easiest growing, and we can confidently recommend this collection to our customers.

24 Hyacinths, top size, in 8 varieties. 12 Daffodils in 4 varieties, Single and Double.
12 Single Early Tulips, in 4 " 12 Narcissus in 4 " " " "
12 Double " " in 4 " 24 Crocus in 4 " " " "
24 Darwin " " in 6 " 12 Fremia robusta alba (pure white).

20/- Post and Packing paid by us.

Delivery guaranteed day following receipt of order.

HYACINTHS.

Extra Selected Parcel for Exhibition Purposes.

Best and easiest for forcing. We can unhesitatingly recommend the following choice parcels:—

12 Named Hyacinths in 12 varieties 6/-
24 " " 12 " 11/-
48 " " 12 " 22/-

We are able to offer a fine selection of FIRST SIZE HYACINTHS in parcels of 100 bulbs, comprising 12 different varieties and colours for 21/-.

CHEAP HYACINTHS FOR BEDDING.

We are offering these hyacinths in the following colours:—Red, White, Blue (Dark), Blue (Light), Pink, Yellow, Mauve, and Violet.

2/- per doz. 12/6 per 100. 110/- per 1,000.

DUTCH MINIATURE HYACINTHS.

These beautiful bulbs are too well known to bulb-growers to need description. We offer them in 8 different colours at the exceptionally low price of

7/6 per 100. 65/- per 1,000.

Extra prepared Miniature L'Innocence for Christmas blooms

1/6 per doz. 12/- per 100.

250,000 EARLY TULIPS

The new Tulip harvest has been the best for many years, the weather conditions this summer having been most favourable to bulb-growing. We now offer fine selection at remarkably low rates. Extra Select Parcels containing 300 Tulips in 12 double and single varieties for only 35/-

Half this parcel 17.6

500,000 CROCUS.

Crocus Bulbs may be planted in the lawn, along borders, in shrubbery, or in the woods. We send out Crocus Bulbs in the following separate colours: Dark and Light Blue, Purple, White, Striped, and Yellow, also in all colours mixed.

First size.	Bedding size.
2/6 per 100.	2/- per 100.
22/- per 1,000.	18/- per 1,000.

GUARANTEE—All bulbs are guaranteed to be genuine Dutch-grown and true to name and colour and free from disease. The greatest care is taken in selecting the finest Bulbs only, and as they are all sent on APPROVAL for three days Customers who are not satisfied can return the Bulbs within this time and receive their money back in full.

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All Cheques and P.O.'s to be made payable to "G. Telkamp & Sons."

A. B. & Co., LTD. MENTION "JOHN BULL."

TOMMY AND JACK

A PAGE FOR EX-SERVICE MEN OF ALL RANKS

Conducted by

Field-Marshal EARL HAIG, K.T., G.C.B., O.M., G.C.V.O., K.C.I.E.

(PRESIDENT OF THE BRITISH LEGION AND REMEMBRANCE LEAGUE)

[The Headquarters of The British Legion are at 26, Eccleston Square, London, S.W.1.]

Two Men Get £208:—Two young men, anxious to settle down in rural life, resolved to start a poultry farm. They had had some little experience of this work, and in high hopes they asked for help from the Civil Liabilities Department. So certain were they of getting an award that they arranged for a small holding and for stock, but they got a shock when their application was turned down. They reported the position to us, and our representations induced the Department to review their decision. In the end each man got £104, so that when they actually started operations they had a capital of not less than £208.

Another Decision Reversed:—Six months ago an East Anglian man died who had been pensioned for malaria contracted in India. His death certificate showed that the primary cause was pleuro pneumonia and the secondary cause malaria. Apparently the Ministry could not connect those two diseases and refused to grant the widow any pension. She had nothing to live upon, and when the Legion convinced the Tribunal that the death was accelerated by war service and that she was entitled to a pension, her joy was unbounded.

More Men in Businesses:—Each week a batch of ex-Service men who could not make headway on their own resources are established in small businesses by the Unity Relief Department. They are practical workmen and no loan is granted until each claim has been thoroughly investigated. The latest cases assisted include a hairdresser and tobacconist, a small-holder, an upholsterer, a mail order agency, a house and shop decorator, a retail tea merchant and a window cleaner.

About to be Evicted:—From Wales many cases of acute distress have been brought before the Legion. Unemployment is rampant, and one man has been making fruitless searches for work for ten months. He had only the unemployment benefit to maintain his wife, child and himself, and for his apartments he had to pay half rent. In their attempt to keep a roof over their heads, husband and wife were starving themselves. When the rent fell in arrears they were about to be ejected, but our local Committee came to the aid of the little family and removed its anxieties.

From Prosperity to Poverty:—In the days before the War, a Warwickshire man was fairly prosperous. When he answered the call he sacrificed his home and his business. On demobilisation he tried hard to retrieve his position. He gathered together another home and opened another shop, but the slump of bad trade came along and he had to sell up to satisfy his creditors. Unable to find employment of any sort, he was at the end of his tether, and as his wife became dangerously ill he had to come to us for help. Our efforts ensured the complete recovery of the wife and mother, and to-day as an expression of her gratitude she is one of the most active workers on behalf of the Legion.

For Remembrance Day:—The 2,000 branches of the Legion are now busily engaged completing their arrangements for the sale of Flanders Poppies on 11th November. In every part of the country these little emblems of the dead will be available. One special feature of the commemoration services will be that in hundreds of instances the tributes laid on the Cenotaph in Whitehall and memorials elsewhere will be composed of poppies and evergreens. Many choice designs have been prepared, and their beauty and simplicity will make the memorials all the more impressive.

Where the Money Goes:—All the money that is collected on Remembrance Day will, after the deduction of the necessary expenses, be sent to the Central Fund for distribution in necessitious cases to ex-Service men. This community is certainly worthy of our best support. It suffered in the war, and it still suffers, and our donations on 11th November can only in a small way express of our gratitude for all they did on behalf of the nation in its hours of danger.

The Warrior and His Chair:—Suffering from spinal trouble, a West London ex-Service man wanted a propelling chair so that he could move about without continual assistance. The local War Pensions Committee tried for fourteen months to force their recommendation upon the Ministry. They gave up the task as hopeless, and were about to approach the British Red Cross when the facts were placed before our headquarters at 26, Eccleston Square. Realising the importance of the matter, we got busy and within ten days sanction was obtained. A fortnight later the disabled warrior was wheeling himself about in a chair specially made for him.

The Man Who Lingered On:—Here is just an instance of how harshly the seven years' time limit for widows' pensions operates. An Enfield man joined up the day when war was declared, and was discharged seven weeks later. Again he enlisted voluntarily in July, 1915, and served until January, 1917, when he was declared to be no longer physically fit for service. He had heart trouble, and continued to draw pension until he died at the beginning of the present year. The Ministry now refuses to acknowledge the widow's right to pension, because her husband died later than seven years after his first removal from duty in 1914. They did not grant him any pension, however, during 1914-1915, and now use the earlier date as an argument for their refusal.

Had the Opposite Effect:—In a Midland town an ex-Service man opened a hairdresser's saloon, and the Unity Relief Fund made him a grant sufficient to buy essential requisites. For some reason or other the landlord gave him notice to quit and before it could be legally enforced he began pulling down signs and making conditions so disagreeable that the occupant was greatly hampered in his business. The unpleasant incidents were reported to the Legion branch, which took prompt steps to restrain the landlord. The hairdresser is still in his saloon, and the unexpected advertisement given to his position has substantially improved his custom.

Our Daily "Thank You":—Each day letters are received from grateful ex-Service men and dependants whom we have helped. A South London man, for whom we got a pension, writes:—"Very many thanks for the advice and help you gave me. If it had not been for the Legion, I don't think the Pension Ministry would have been convinced of the justice of my case. The back money will come in very handy, as I had got behind with my rent, while I've also had several bills to settle."

A Pensions Scandal

COULD the ex-Service mind permeate the Ministry of Pensions and formulate its policy, we should read less of the troubles and trials of the ex-Service community. The typical Government official steeped in tradition and procedure cannot appreciate wholly the point of view of the men and the women who are suffering for their patriotism. One would have thought that if any Ministry ought to be staffed in all departments by competent ex-Service men, it would be the Ministry of Pensions. But what do we find? Of the forty-seven highest executive posts in that Ministry, forty-four are held by men who had no service in the armed forces of the Crown. A large proportion of the subordinates are ex-Service personnel. They have to act upon instructions of men who, doubtless for legitimate reasons, did not go Overseas.

FOR the moment, the Ministry seems to be concentrating its attention upon the questions that in the aggregate do not involve any considerable expenditure—as State expenditure goes these days. In one respect at least their action savours of ingratitude such as could not have been anticipated nearly four years ago, when the men who actually won the war were returning home with the laurels of victory. These men had endured the strain of battle. Many of them had been mentally deranged by their nerve-racking experiences and the memory of their ordeal. To-day several hundred of these unfortunates have been cast adrift by the Ministry. No longer are they regarded as heroes. They have been turned over to the Guardians and are being stgimatised with the taint of pauperism.

THE attitude of the Ministry on this matter has been exceedingly unsatisfactory. The course adopted is a serious injustice to the men themselves. It is by no means certain that all the cases can accurately be described as non-attributable. In any case the thifting of the responsibility for the proper care and treatment of these men from the Ministry to the Board of Guardians is an act of parsimony unworthy of the State. After all, the community has to pay for them. Surely it would be better for the men themselves, and a greater consolation to their friends, if their maintenance could be provided by the Ministry.

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£100 REWARD will be given to anyone showing us an oil lamp equal to this Aladdin in every way. (Full details of this offer given in our circular.)

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Look at the money you would have saved last year alone if you did all your own jobs instead of paying others to do them. And you could do these jobs—everyone of them, and do them every whit as good as any tradesman if you had

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AMATEUR MECHANIC

to guide and instruct you. From the Laying of a Carpet to the Making and Upholstering of a Suite of Furniture, the Mending of a Clock to the Making of a Revolving Bookcase, from Patching of a Boot to the Making of a New Pair. It's all in the "Know How" and The Amateur Mechanic shows you how and tells you how in such a clear and definite way that you simply cannot go wrong.

HOW TO MAKE and HOW TO MEND

To paint and paper a room—To sole and heel and patch boots and shoes—To make a pair of hand-sewn boots—To restore colour to old brown shoes—To upholster sofas, etc.—To install a speaking tube—To make household furniture—To reseat chairs—To clean a Primus or other stove—To repair bicycles—To overhaul a motor-car—To repair a motor cycle—To work in metal—To make a garden frame—To repair water taps—To varnish a violin—To remedy damp walls—To repair a piano—To make a padded chair from an old cask—To make a mail-cart and perambulator hood—To stuff animals—To dress furs—To stuff and mount birds—To do wood inlaying—To cure a smoky chimney—To prepare working drawings—To renovate a grandfather's clock—To make garden furniture, arbours, arches, seats, summer-houses, tables, etc.—To use metal drilling tools—To renovate mirrors—To upholster furniture in leather cloth—To do fretwork—To build a boat—To make a canoe, etc.—To lime-white poultry houses—To do gold-plating and silver-plating—To clean and mend watches and clocks, etc.

These men do their own jobs now

Mr. P. OGLESBY, Silks Farm, Wye, Kent, says:—

"A child should be able to understand the instructions; **and best of all are the illustrations.** One could almost learn to do any job without any letterpress."

Mr. TATTON, Keresley, writes:—

"I believe I could make or mend any of the articles dealt with if I depended upon the beautiful illustrations alone."

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"**I intend that this work shall be a free gift to me:** for by taking advantage of your instalment plan, I think I can see how to easily save the money on house repairs alone."

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"For the first time in my life I understand the mysteries of boot and shoe making. . . . Impossible to praise the books adequately."

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30 miles per hour
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and you can secure one on payment of only £5!

No more the drudgery of the "push-bike" for the middle-aged cyclist, the novice, the sportsman a mile from his club, the housewife shopping in the village, the early morning workman, but a rapid journey in speed and comfort with a complete absence of any mechanical complications.

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It is simplicity itself to run—the house is your garage, the running costs negligible, and the comprehensive policy by the London Assurance, which is included in every deferred payment sale, completes the picture. Send a p.c. for specification and particulars to-day. You will be delighted with both.

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The Motor Cycle for the Million

The TRIPP CYCLE —— Co., Ltd., ——
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Why It Attracts.

From commerce, the Navy, the Army and other professions, many have in recent years gone to the Union of South Africa to farm. Most of them like the new life and South Africa. They find the country agreeable, and the occupation engrossing.

Farming there, though like every enterprise it has its ups and downs, can be very interesting. To work with trees and field crops and animals, and to do so in the open air of such a climate, appeals. To own land, whether it be a ten-acre irrigated plot or a five-hundred acre general farm; to make even a modest living from it, and gradually to build up and improve, till the estate becomes attractive and the living comfortable, is a prospect worth the struggle it entails.

Few laymen realise how much variety of interesting occupation, scope for enterprise and intelligence, and compensation for difficulty there is in South African farming, for those who have the capital to make an adequate start. The least required is £2,000.

Full particulars about fifteen branches of farming, and about the facilities for training, and for judging the country and the prospect before investing, may be obtained free from the Office of the High Commissioner for the Union of South Africa, Trafalgar Square, London, W.C.2. Write for Farm Book No. "F X."

THE DAWN OF WOMANHOOD.

Its Difficulties and Dangers.

Some girls upon the threshold of womanhood drift into a decline in spite of all care and attention. Even strong and usually lively girls become weak, depressed, irritable, and listless. It is the dawn of womanhood—important in the life of every girl—and prompt measures should be taken to keep the blood rich and pure.

If the blood is not in a healthy condition at this stage, the body becomes ill-nourished, and other ailments develop. If the health is not maintained by a sufficiency of pure strong blood, all sorts of evils and weaknesses are likely to arise. Remember this, Dr. Williams' pink pills have saved thousands of girls and women from being lifelong invalids, because of their wonderful blood-making properties.

The value of Dr. Williams' pink pills to young women whose health was failing has been proved over and over again. These pills are the most reliable blood builder, fortifying weak nerves and creating the liberal supply of red, healthy blood which a girl needs to sustain her strength.

So begin to get well by starting Dr. Williams' pink pills now. Of chemists, or direct from address below, 3s. 0d. per box, post free.

All girls and women should read the booklet, "Nature's Warnings." A copy will be sent quite free if you write to N.W.Dept., 36, Fitzroy Square, London, W.1.

CANADA.

There are still vacancies in "Melita" Conducted Party of Domesticated Women leaving Southampton on October 26th. Specially favourable opportunities and substantial grant given to those proceeding to Manitoba. Passengers pay £1 on application, £6 on acceptance. Situations guaranteed. Immediate application necessary. Write or call:

Commissioner Bullant, 3, Upper Thames Street, E.C.4; 12, Pembroke Place, Liverpool; or 50, High Street, Southampton.

MONEY FOR THE MILLION

by Our Financial Editor

Excursions and Alarums.

Our politicians do their utmost to keep investors at bay. Having apparently calmed the Near Eastern excitement, at a cost of a good many millions sterling, they must now plunge us into the prospect of an immediate General Election. Some of these disturbances are necessary, I suppose, but they are not popular in the City, where all that is wanted is an opportunity to seek business and ensue it.

Sheffield Steel Products.

I am pleased to read of the appointment of a Receiver for Sheffield Steel Products. It may mean the salvation of the company, in which many small investors are interested. From the beginning there has been much dissension between factions of the shareholders, and it is written that a house divided against itself shall not stand. Once the warring elements are appeased there may be some hope for the business.

Mexican Preference.

I have heard from one or two readers who are perturbed by the weakness of Mexican Eagles. They need not be alarmed. If a recovery has not occurred by the time these lines appear, they might very well average, especially in the case of the 7 per cent. preference, which are sound as a bell and should be bought anywhere in the neighbourhood of £1. The Oil market has been a trifle anxious of late, but it is intrinsically sound.

Union Oil of South Africa.

As many of my readers appear to be interested in this company, I may say that I have received a letter from Mr. B. Levy, at present in Johannesburg, in which he vigorously controverts certain statements written to me by Mr. W. W. Macalister, of 80, Coleman Street, E.C., and referred to in these columns on July 15th. In a case of this kind communications must take time, but it looks as if things might be moving shortly. I will keep in touch.

Dear at any Price.

It seems incredible, but people are still writing to ask me where and how to buy German marks. For goodness' sake, don't buy them anywhere, anyhow, or at any price. They are not worth the paper they are printed on. They have just experienced another slump and will probably go lower yet. How the wily Squarehead must chuckle as he parts with his dud I.O.U.s for money made in England.

Now Then, Southwark.

Recent strictures in JOHN BULL on the activities of George Hills, senr., J.P., Mayor of Southwark, do not seem to be deterring that gentleman from the persistent hawking of shares in Packer's Oil Co. In conjunction with the *Stock Exchange Times*, which is a circular and not a journal, he is puffing the shares as assiduously as ever. Perhaps that Committee of the Southwark Borough Council which lately took his case into consideration might call another meeting and see if anything can be done.

De Beers Deferred.

Keep on holding these shares, you that have taken my advice and laid in a few. They have moved up nearly £1 since I first advised them as a promising purchase, and there is plenty of scope in them still. Have you noticed how the papers are discoursing on the renewed demand for diamonds? Very well, then.

My Tips.

Readers who look to me for tips may very well concentrate for the present on those I have lately given. The price of tin goes on gradually rising, and my two selections of tin mining shares, viz., Bisichi and Naraguta Extended, are both slightly in the ascendant. The prices at present are about 5s. 9d. and 5s. respectively, and, though higher than when I first recommended them, the shares are still quite attractive speculative propositions.

Harmsworth and Others.

The death of Lord Northcliffe has had the effect of bringing some millions sterling of stocks and shares upon the market, so that the public have been given an opportunity of participating as owners in practically all the enterprises with which the name of Harmsworth is associated. Investors have not been slow to seize their chance. Participation in a publishing enterprise that has overcome its initial difficulties is usually a gratifying adventure.

Rubber.

There appears to be little reality about the restriction of Rubber output, to judge by recent returns, but the market position of the commodity is improving somewhat, chiefly owing to the enormous appetite of the American manufacturers. The Stevenson report, out the other day, was used to justify a general rise in plantation shares, but I think such rise was premature. Holders of these securities may well remain as they are, but I see no reason why people at present outside the market should rush in.

New Star Visible.

Whilst the great astronomers have been engaged in watching the eclipse in various spots of the earth, the general public are now looking for a new star which will be visible on Wednesday, October 25th. It is "the JOHN BULL 'Star of Fortune.'" It's a puzzle! And there are £500 in prizes for correct or nearest correct solutions. Look out for the new Star.

BREAD AND BUTTER ECONOMICS

by SIR LEO CHIOZZA MONEY

18—Too Much Fruit!

THE crops in the orchards being too heavy, we cannot have as much fruit as we want.

That is not a passage out of "Alice in Wonderland," but a piece of unadulterated and sober truth. It has been one of the most wonderful fruit years on record. Plenty of fruit for everybody! Let us bring it to market.

As a matter of very hard fact our existing distributive system stands between plentiful fruit and a poor consumer. As things are, plenty of fruit means too much of it to be good for the grower. A fine fruit harvest amounts to what we express by the not very pretty word GLUT.

Gluts happen in other things besides fruit. Not infrequently, when herrings, or mackerel, or sprats appear in prodigious quantities, the distributive system breaks down just as it has with fruit, and we hear of the harvest of the sea being used as manure.

Nor is the question of glut confined to these islands. In Brazil, where the coffee comes from, they have again and again solemnly burnt large parts of their coffee crop to keep up the price. And then there is the case of rubber, of which at the present time the world has so much more than it is supposed to need that producers put their heads together to cut down supplies.

But let us come back to the fruit which immediately concerns us. Between the orchard and the consumer there exists a clumsy and stupid system of wholesale and retail distribution and high railway rates. The machinery is as obsolete as—I had nearly said as the mail coach, but I pause on reflecting that a mail coach could often get fruit to market more quickly than some of our railway companies.

Before the war a great agricultural authority estimated that the middlemen's profits on small fruits ranged from 100 to 150 per cent. and on peas, beans, carrots, etc., from 100 to 180 per cent. Consumer and producer alike are injured by such a wasteful system, or want of system. The remedy is to be found in co-operative arrangements between well-organised collective and distributive agencies who can, if necessary, make themselves independent of railway exactions.

HOW JOHN BULL is HELPING THOUSANDS

Generous Incomes for Our Readers

EACH morning the John Bull offices are now filled with an eager throng of readers, who are anxious to commence to earn money in connection with our wonderful offer of spare time incomes for all. Although it is not without pathos, the spectacle of men and women of all grades of society, seeking an opportunity of making a fresh start or securing extra money that will bring them much greater pleasure in life, is one of the interesting sights in London.

Amongst the throng are men who for weeks and months have known the despair of a fruitless search for work. The listlessness and weariness in their eyes tells its story of privations. John Bull has given them new hope. As they depart with the working outfit, with which they have been supplied in order to carry out their new work as "Subscription Representatives," there is a new light of enthusiasm on their faces; a fresh confidence and jauntiness in their walk. John Bull has found them a job and at last they have an opportunity of making the money which they are so seriously in need of.

There are men, who, owing to bad industrial conditions, are on short time, and only working a few days a week. The John Bull offer is providing them with the golden opportunity of bringing up their weekly wage to the amount that they earned when better trade conditions prevailed, or in all probability they will be able to earn more money than they have ever received from their ordinary course of employment.

Men and women who, before the high cost of living drastically affected their financial position, lived on the proceeds of small investments are amongst those who with fresh hope in life crowd the John Bull offices. With the prospect of a generous income as "Subscription Representatives," the shadow of poverty is dispersed.

There is the small shopkeeper, with whom trade is bad, who sees in the John Bull offer the chance of adding to his meagre income, after closing time or when he has put up his shutters for the weekly half day. Workers, such as lift attendants, door keepers, porters in the markets, railwaymen and others who come into contact with a large number of fellow-workers, or other members of the public, are visiting the John Bull offices in increasing numbers. For they have recognised the opportunities that they have to secure new readers for John Bull, and qualify for the generous payments offered in return for spare time work.

Every class of the community, from the artisan to gentlefolk who have fallen on evil times, are represented amongst the eager applicants for John Bull jobs.

The tremendous response to the John Bull offer of spare time incomes for all, which has exceeded even our most optimistic anticipations, has necessitated an ambitious organisation to deal effectively with the thousands of applications.

A special staff has been appointed which is working day and night on the compilation of the individual ledger accounts which are allotted to each "Subscription Representative." They record each batch of registration forms sent in, arrange for supplies of working outfits, compile the weekly accounts, and dispatch the increasing number of generous cheques, which are now being sent to readers who are already earning sums varying from a few shillings up to nine or more pounds a week.

This system, which runs with the smoothness of clockwork, assures prompt payment of all money earned, and immediate renewal of order books, the Free Home Insurance policies and other additions to our complete working outfit.

John Bull, too, realises the necessity for prompt payment, and arrangements have been made for Cheques and Postal Orders to be posted off every Wednesday and Friday in payment of Registration Forms received. But three days are required for the necessary checking and verification.

No one can afford to miss this golden opportunity of earning money in return for a few hours' work during your spare time. Every six new registered readers you obtain earns you five shillings, and already hundreds are qualifying for the cash bonuses paid for twenty-five, fifty, and one hundred registrations. An added attraction is our offer of Efficiency Prizes, given to the representative who creates the biggest record each week. The First Prize is £3, the Second £2, and the third £1.

Anyone can become a John Bull Subscription Representative at once and start earning a generous income.

If you who read this are feeling the pinch of unemployment, or if you wish to fill in your spare time profitably, write to John Bull now, or call at the offices in Long Acre. Perhaps you have in mind the purchase of something which at the moment is a little beyond your reach—a piano, a motor cycle, furniture for the home. If so, this spare-time offer should appeal strongly to you. Or again, you might commence to make extra money to meet Christmas expenses and those which bring financial anxiety to many during the New Year. Become a John Bull Subscription Representative to-day and start to earn just that addition to your income which will enable you to extract far greater pleasure out of life.

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You have read history at school and since, but it was dead history. You have followed reports of international diplomacy, but they were remote, incomprehensible to anyone but the professed student of politics. In the "Caxton History of the Great War" you are supplied with all the knowledge of a diplomat, and it reads like a novel, but more absorbing than any fiction ever conceived by the mind of man. In the "Caxton History" the strategic conception behind every campaign, and every move in that campaign, becomes comprehensible. Battles that, even if you were engaged in them, were a blind series of movements, having no visible object, are shown in a new light. For the first time the military genius which determined them is made comprehensible.

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No such comprehensive work as this has ever been issued. It covers the entire field of musical study and musical interest. It places a long series of instruction books within one set of covers, and includes a wealth of separate articles on different branches of the art. By its help alone you may learn to Play any of the leading Musical Instruments, and may attain to a complete knowledge of Theory in all its branches. It is written by many of the greatest authorities—for instance:—

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The book is full of invaluable information on all problems of driving and repairing a car, instructions being given for all possible difficulties in language that can be understood by the most unmechanical mind. The following are a few of the subjects dealt with:—

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Such a one would answer in an off-hand sort of way: "Why, I am in Business. I am a business man. I know all about Business, or I ought to do so."

Ay, there's the rub! He ought to do. But does he?

Let us put the same question to you.

What do you know about Advertising, Accountancy, Auditing, Agreements, Banking, Book-keeping, County Court Procedure, Commercial Law, Company Law, Law of Contract, Debt Collection, Office Organisation, Insurance, Landlord and Tenant, Bankruptcy, How to Open a Business, How to Extend a Business, etc., etc.?

To thoroughly understand these and other important business subjects you must have the Business Encyclopædia.

The work is edited by W. S. M. Knight, Barrister-at-Law, and contains hundreds of business articles written by the most successful business men of the day. Among these are: Sir Woodman Burbidge (Managing Director, Harrod's Stores), A. W. Gamage, John Lawrie (Managing Director, William Whitley, Ltd.), H. G. Selfridge, F. Handley Page, and many others.

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John Bull's Letter Bag

CORRESPONDENTS ARE REQUESTED NOT TO SEND ORIGINAL DOCUMENTS, *as they are liable to be mislaid.*
Replies by post will be sent whenever possible.
LETTERS *must be addressed to the Editor. No fee is charged in respect of inquiries. Full name and address should be given—not necessarily for publication.*

EVERY week we give a guinea for the letter which tells the most human story of hard luck. In respect of our last issue, that sum has been forwarded to the sender of the information on which we based the paragraph entitled "A Widow's Plea Refused." But don't write only for the guinea. Tell us your troubles—ask us questions. We do not deal flippantly except with flippant writers. There is a world of sympathy and understanding in the men who conduct the "Letter Bag." Write soon and write often. An expert staff deals with Legal and Financial inquiries by post. All you have to do is to enclose a stamped addressed envelope for the reply.

O. W. T. T.—By all means call at Long Acre at any time during office hours.

LIZ. (Edmonton).—"My mistress objects to my young man calling on me." Whom does she want him to call on?

ZYSBOROVSKI (London, N.).—"I am an alien, and proud of it." From your name we thought you were Irish.

UNHAPPY (Folkestone).—"My fiancé has jilted me. Can I sue him for restitution?" We hope not.

EUGENIST (Hampstead).—"What is the largest number of babies born at once?" Five.

H. T. B. (Wolverhampton).—"Can you recommend a good cure for seasickness?" The best we know is the Channel Tunnel.

J. A. N. (Huddersfield).—"Our only hope of salvation is to reduce the Income Tax." In other words, most of us will be in a hell of a fix if they don't.

JUST OUT (Birmingham).—"Our prison system is not all that one could wish." Is any system? Even racing systems have their lapses.

PEGASUS (Wigan).—"The enclosed lines represent my opinion of you." We would have forgiven you if you hadn't tried to write poetry.

MRS. H. L. (Derby).—"Do you believe in vaccination?" Yes, sir. *And* Father Christmas. In fact, we believe in almost everything.

A. E. M. (Southsea).—"There's no such thing as luck—it's grit that counts." That is true, but it's lucky to be gritty.

LIVERPUDLIAN.—"The price of beer is a national scandal of the gravest importance." The real scandal is the absence of money to buy it with.

G. C. (Yarmouth).—"Is it waste of time to write to the Prime Minister?" Not entirely. It may improve your handwriting and keep you out of mischief.

NEW YORKER (London, W.).—"Why do you English go about looking so solemn?" Perhaps you have been misled by polite efforts to keep a straight face in your company.

M. B. R. (Liverpool).—"There is nothing a man can do that a girl can't." Have you ever seen the way a navvy lights a match when he hasn't got a box handy?

MRS. A. (Woolwich).—"What are therms?" Expensive.

H. J. R. (Bolton).—"Every week JOHN BULL gets better and better." We're trying the Coué method.

PEDANT (Auchtemuchty).—"The purest English is spoken in this neighbourhood." Shurrup!

R. A. (Luton).—"I think the time is ripe for drastic changes in our social system." With such a flow you ought to stand for Parliament.

SOUTHERNER (Bristol).—"Why is it that Scotsmen always chase whisky with beer?" Probably it is a form of penance.

DESPERATE (London, W.).—"We have been looking for a house ever since the war." Who hasn't? Write to your M.P.

MISS M. T. (Merstham).—"I would like to see a word or two in your paper about performing animals." You shall see a bucketful one of these fine days.

CLERIC (Tonbridge).—"Ministers are peculiarly liable to suspicion." But they have lovely opportunities for engendering same.

E. T. (Paignton).—"I have never yet been to a Cinema and never will." By next post please send us your record in regard to public houses, racecourses, variety halls and other places of sin.

DISGUSTED (Manchester).—"The meteorological office should be scrapped; it doesn't give one accurate forecast in 30." It's the weather to blame. It never does as it is told.

TRUSTFUL (Regents Park).—"I backed Tishy, and now all is lost!" We ascribe Tishy's defeat to the fact that she didn't send her ninth to the "Greatest of These."

R. J. (Saxmundham).—"Is it true that the Albanians have white hair and pink eyes?" No; you are thinking of "albinos," as people with these natty features are called.

SIXTEEN (Clapham).—"Mother says I'm too young to put my hair up." Go through life with this maxim in your noddle, kid—"Mother is generally right."

A MOTHER.—It depends upon what you mean by "control." A girl of 16 or over is not compelled to live at home.

TORTURED (Tooting).—"My neighbour has been practising the same tune nightly for months. Is there no remedy?" Send them a new piece of music and a packet of rat poison, with the word "Choose."

MRS. G. (Chesham).—"Writing poetry comes natural to me." Reading it comes as a punishment to us.

J. T. R. (Lewes).—"There is no man worse off than the agricultural labourer." That is a matter of opinion, but we won't quarrel about it.

J. B. R. (Poplar).—"We want a man like Jack Jones for Prime Minister." You may, but some 40,000,000 other people don't.

DISHEARTENED (Leeds).—"I feel sure I shall never be wealthy." Ever since the Cesarewitch "Rowley Mile" has been expressing the same fear.

EX-SOLDIER (Manchester).—"Has the idea of hanging the Kaiser been dropped?" Yes, we are now damning the Turkish flood.

C. Y. (Brighton).—"The world is peopled with humbugs and hypocrites." Journalists are a third class you appear to have overlooked.

COLONIAL (Southampton).—"We want more women in the colonies." In which colony? Our information does not support your view.

HARASSED (Hull).—"Oh, for a dumb wife!" Don't be silly. You can always shut your ears—other donkeys can.

BAND OF HOPE (Glasgow).—"What does it mean when you dream of pink snakes?" We have lent our dream book to our favourite tipster.

SUBALTERN (Leeds).—"Why shouldn't a 2nd Lieutenant retain his rank after discharge?" Because a second-loot, strictly speaking, has no rank.

WORRIED (Bayswater).—"The servant problem seems insoluble." Treat servants like you treat other employees and the solution will be found. Some of you people want galley slaves.

P. W. (Somerset).—"My neighbour's chickens start crowing at five o'clock in the morning. Can I do anything about it?" You can swear, gnaw the bedclothes, or put cotton wool in your ears.

E. L. S. (Northampton).—"A day at school is quite enough for a child without doing home-work." Children at council schools do not work a quarter as hard as children at public schools.

N. R. W. (Ilford).—"Speak up for us workers who have to pay full rates when we forget our season tickets." But why not be on the safe side and sew the thing into your shirt?

HUMANITARIAN (Letchworth).—"I maintain that all the animals in the Zoo should be set free." Nip in one day when the keepers are not looking and open the tigers' door.

CONTENTED (Bath).—"I never have rows at my home." We are relieved.

CONNIE (Watford).—"What is cocaine made of?" Cocaine.

JENNY (Southsea).—"A sailor makes the best husband." But doesn't always get the best wife.

CHADBAND (Rotherham.)—"My wife is mad about a local parson." Perhaps she has reason.

ENTHUSIAST (Ealing).—"Onions are the best vegetables on earth." Don't breathe it.

G. E. F. (Yarmouth).—"Are there sharks around England?" Yes, and around Piccadilly.

HURT (Leeds).—"My friends laugh at me because I have no clothes." You are very lucky not to get pinched.

UNCLE BONES (Rotherham).—"Are monkey glands good?" They are excellent—in monkeys.

SIMPLE SIMON (Shirley).—"I want a girl like everyone else." We prefer ours a little different.

£. S. D. (Battersea, S.W.).—"Money talks, even behind prison walls." Glad you found it so, old son.

MOVIE LOVER (Teignmouth).—"Who is the biggest actor?" Fatty, in point of size.

MOTORIST (Wigan).—"Where does Henry Ford live?" Detroit—which, happily, is a long distance away.

ARTHUR B. (North Shields).—"I met a German gentleman the other day." We are not interested in curios.

CONSTANT READER (Leyton).—"My friends tell me I am full of original ideas." Isn't it nice to have friends?

H. R. S. T. (Bury St. Edmunds).—"My neighbour has won a 'Bullets' prize." Glad to hear it. Go one better and win a turkey.

T. T. R. (Clacton).—"Our Ministers of to-day are not fit to govern tadpoles." We should say that is just about what some of them *are* fit to do.

J. J. (Croydon).—"Half the women in Parliament are American." Not so, J. J. American by birth, British by marriage.

E. J. R. (Berkhamsted).—"Kindly inform me what you think of the Greeks." We are not allowed to use that kind of language.

PHILOSOPHER (Tonbridge).—"I often think about things." Extraordinary. We shouldn't have thought so from your letter.

IMP (Carlisle).—"Are there really fairies after all?" No, after Sir A. Conan Doyle. And they seem to have got him.

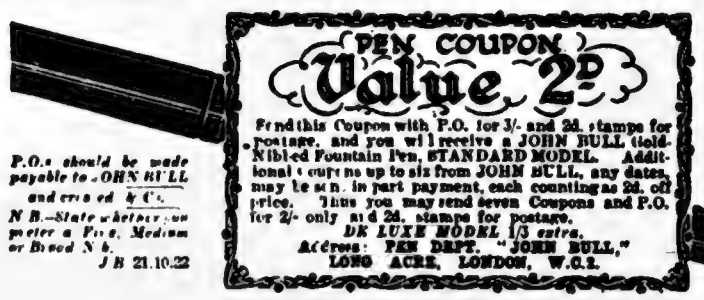
ANXIOUS (Cricklewood).—"My landlord threatens to turn me out." Shocking! And all because you don't pay your rent, even though you have a good job!

SINNER (Newcastle).—"25 years ago I defrauded the income-tax people: is it too late to make reparation?" No, sir—the tax collector would collect from Judas if he knew his address.

C. M. (Bayswater, W.).—"What do you think of a boarding house which serves margarine instead of butter four years after the war?" We consider that the landlady ought to be pricked with a prong.

PUZZLED (Hampstead).—"I have been puzzling over this Near East question." Forget it. Why not try your hand at puzzling out JOHN BULL'S "Star of Fortune" Puzzle? If you can solve THAT you can pocket £250 first prize, or you might even console yourself with the second prize of £150, or the third of £100.

(*More replies on page* 23).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Concrete and Steel	Sanitation
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JOHN BULL'S £500 PRIZE PUZZLE

A Golden Opportunity of Making Money

AN amusing and fascinating pastime for the long winter evenings, which carries with it the opportunity of winning £500 in prizes, is the attractive offer which JOHN BULL is making to its readers in connection with the "Star of Fortune" Puzzle. This ingenious problem, which on Wednesday, October 25, will be on sale all over the country, consists of twenty various shaped pieces of cardboard, which have to be assembled so that they form a perfect six-pointed star. Founded on an ancient legend, the "Star of Fortune" Puzzle is a mystifying device, which will fascinate everyone who attempts to solve its secret. Once you start to endeavour to piece together the various red pieces you will irresistibly find yourself devoting every spare moment to trying to create the six-pointed star.

If you are successful, you qualify for the first prize of £250, whilst a second prize of £150 is offered for the nearest correct solution. £100 will be awarded to the competitor who sends in an alternate solution which represents a star composed of as nearly as possible ten red and ten grey pieces.

In the event of more than one correct or nearest correct solution being sent in the prizes will be divided.

Every competitor is given until the closing date to solve the problem o. the six-pointed star. Country and town readers stand an equal chance. Unlike other puzzle competitions, the prizes are not given to those who send in the first correct solutions. The closing date of the contest is December 27, and until that time the key solution will remain under seal in the strong room of Lloyds Bank, King Street, Covent Garden. Thus everyone will have the same opportunity of winning the generous prizes offered.

Sold for the price of one shilling, in neat compact boxes, which can easily be carried in the pocket, the "Star of Fortune" Puzzle will not only be the most popular home amusement for the forthcoming winter evenings, but it will be possible to spend spare moments in trains, tubes or buses.

You can send in as many solutions as you like.

Printed instructions, and details concerning the competition will be found inside the lid of the "Star of Fortune" puzzle boxes. Edgar Wallace, the well-known author, has consented to act as judge. The results will be published in JOHN BULL, dated January 13.

Remember to ask your newsagent for a JOHN BULL "Star of Fortune" Puzzle on Wednesday, October 25, and join in the most popular craze of the moment.

WHAT JOHN BULL PAYS

The Greatest FREE Home Insurance in the World.

Household Benefits.

£300—damage by fire.
£600—death of husband and wife due to fire.
£300—in case of death of one under similar circumstances.
£250 or **£125**—in respect of each for loss of one limb or eye under similar circumstances.
£100—damage by explosion of gas or domestic boilers.
£100—damage by hot-water pipes or heating apparatus.
£300—damage by aeroplanes, airships or other aerial craft.
£300—damage by riots and civil commotion.
£100—damage by storm, tempest or flood.
£100—damage by lightning, thunderbolt, or earthquake.
£1,000—in case of death of husband and wife by violence caused by burglars or housebreakers.
£500—if one is killed under similar circumstances.
£500 or **£250**—in respect of each for loss of one limb or eye, under similar circumstances.
£10—Medical Fees.
£6 per week for both or £3 per week for either up to 4 weeks, for disablement caused by burglars, housebreakers, or fire.
£2 per week maximum rent during reinstatement (not exceeding 26 weeks).

Accidents in Home & Garden.

£250—loss of life.
£250—loss of two limbs or both eyes or one limb and one eye.
£125—loss of one limb or one eye.
£3 per week up to four weeks for disablement by fractured limb.
£1 per week (after the first week) up to four weeks for **ALL ACCIDENTS.**

REGISTER TO-DAY!

CUT HERE

J.B. 21.10.22 POST THIS COUPON TO "JOHN BULL."

To "John Bull" Registration Department, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

I have sent an order form to my newsagent for the regular weekly delivery of "John Bull." Please register me as a regular reader.

Reader's Name .....
(IN CAPITAL LETTERS.)

Address .....

.....

Name and Address of Newsagent .....

Date .....

Use 1d. Stamp. Don't seal envelope. A full Policy certifying registration will be sent on receipt of a stamped addressed envelope bearing 1d stamp.

CUT HERE

PLEASE WRITE CLEARLY.

J.B. 21.10.22. HAND THIS COUPON TO YOUR NEWSAGENT.

To (Name of Newsagent) .....

Address .....

.....

Please deliver or reserve JOHN BULL for me weekly until further notice.

Signature .....

Address .....

Date .....

AN INVITATION

WE wish our readers to co-operate with us in improving the high standard of JOHN BULL and welcome any sensible criticism or suggestion. This applies to the advertisement pages as well as to the Editorial section. Quite obviously, no journal can exist to day without a large advertisement revenue and, of course, advertisers only spend their money in the belief that they will obtain a satisfactory return for their expenditure.

JOHN BULL has spent many thousands of pounds in the endeavour to create perfect confidence between its readers and its advertisers and huge sums of money have been refused by us for advertisements which we did not consider satisfactory. Our advertisement guarantee safeguards our readers and establishes a confidence which makes JOHN BULL a very valuable organ for advertisements.

The Shop Wcndow

The proprietors of the Aladdin Lamp offer to send a ten days' free trial and promise a reward of £200 to anyone showing them an oil lamp equal to theirs. It burns common paraffin at a cost of a farthing per hour and gives a light equal to 60 candles.

The Tripp Motor Cycle will be delivered for £5 down and the balance in 12 monthly payments of £1 17s. 6d. It is a splendid machine and wonderful value for the money. We expect thousands of our readers will buy "Tripp's" and give up waiting in queues for 'buses.

S. A. Barry & Co. tell us they have had quite an epidemic of photographs from JOHN BULL readers who have purchased clothes from them and want to show how well they fit. The overcoat which they made for Charlie Chaplin was actually cut without any measurements, from a photograph, yet it fitted as perfectly as if he had been measured.

The *Amateur Mechanic* will show you how to do hundreds of things necessary to make your home "a place fit for heroes to live in." For the sake of your wife you ought to send for the free descriptive booklet. Cut out the coupon and post it to them.

Very good advice is given in the advertisement of Riley's Billiard Tables, which are sold on the instalment plan. Billiards helps to keep the whole family amused. Write for their price list, mentioning JOHN BULL.

The Caxton Publishing Company announce four works likely to prove of great value to the majority of people, further details of which can be obtained by posting the coupons at the foot of their advertisement.

After examining the accordion sent us by the Solus Sales Company, we have assured them that there is no danger to them in their offer to send £1 to JOHN BULL readers who are not satisfied with it, even though it only costs 15/3.

To benefit those who do not live in a "Stewart" town, Stewarts' of Middlesbro' offer to send patterns, style sheet and a simple self measurement form so that their clothing may be obtained direct by post.

Fancy-Dress Costumes are offered free in the Black Cat Cigarette advertisement The crepe Costume is both beautiful and effective.

JOHN BULL'S LETTER BAG

(Continued from page 24).

WEARY (Bridgend).—"My wife never stops talking." See a doctor.

G. H. B. (Cardiff).—"Thank God I'm an atheist." But inconsistent, aren't you?

LOVER OF FRANCE (Bo'ness).—"If only Napoleon were alive now!" What a mess he'd make of Siki.

ENVIOUS (Swindon).—"In the good old days men drank beer for breakfast." Yes—but it was real beer.

HOPELESS (Bournemouth).—"Life is very dull here in the winter for girls." Why not sleep through it?

FIERY (Barnes).—"Socialism would solve the world's money troubles." But nothing would solve socialism.

S. M. (Galashiels).—"My girl won't marry me unless I shave." Beaver!

FAIRPLAY (Brixton).—"Chorus girls are not all the same." We've noticed that. Some of them are quite pretty.

MOTHER (Durham).—"My boy is only 8, and he can swear as well as his father." You are not proud of it, are you?

LANDLADY (Stoke Newington).—"Lodgers are very trying." They're generally trying to find a soft spot in the bed.

E. M. B. (Nottingham).—"Why are Mormons called Latter Day Saints?" Nobody calls them that—except Mormons.

ARTIST (Tooting).—"London suburbs are very stimulating to one's artistic perceptions." Ever had a good look at Tottenham?

MOTHER OF NINE (Wigan).—"When are schools going to feed the children?" You don't mean "schools," you mean "ratepayers."

PUSSYFOOT (Liverpool).—"It is high time we decided to follow America." Perhaps so. Our gold seems to have gone on ahead.

STRAIGHTFORWARD (Winchester).—"Doctors are useless now that Christian Science has been invented." Don't make us laugh.

WATCHER (Bodmin).—"What would you do if you found you had a double?" Take it home. We always like to bring home a double.

EVA M. (Aylesbury).—"Do you think it wrong to hold hands in church?" No, Miss. It is the only way you can get married in a church.

QUERY (Holyhead).—"Why is it female post-office clerks are so uncivil?" Because they are the gentler sex engaged in the civil service.

SHAMROCK (Fishguard).—"English people seem so down on Ireland just now." But not so much as Irish people are down on one another.

MRS. J. (Middlesbro').—"Can I compel my husband to tell me how much he earns?" It depends upon your size, his size, and your muscular development.

TYPIST (Wendover).—"My employer is constantly asking me to dine with him; is this customary?" It has happened before, Gwen. Take your mother with you.

REFORMER (London, E.).—"Down with Governments! Let the working men rule the country." You call yourself "reformer," but by your name you are obviously an alien.

BELIEVER (Tonbridge).—"Your remarks about fortune-tellers are not true. I heard of one some years ago who was quite clever." All rogues seem clever to all mugs.

(Many replies unavoidably held over).

£1,000 Solves Old-Age Problem

MRS. R. S. DANCE (not Rance, as published in last week's issue), 129, Oakfield Road, Cwmbran, Mon., winner of the £1,000 prize in Competition No. 460, has always been hopeful of a big award. Mrs. Dance says: "This is the prize I've been waiting for, and, being 68 years of age, you can imagine what £1,000 means to me, as I have always worked hard for my living, and had quite my share of bad luck. My husband has been partially crippled for 16 years, so this good luck will keep us from want in our old age."

RESULT OF "BULLETS" COMPETITION No. 461.

FIRST PRIZE OF £250:

MR FRED W. HODGSON,
261, George Lane, Lewisham, S.E.
Example:—A WONDER.
Bullet:—PILLION RIDERS "KEEP ON."

SECOND PRIZE OF £20:

MRS. E. NEVILLE,
125, Nelson Road, Whitton, Twickenham.
Example:—WHY SHE REFUSED.
Bullet:—ASPARAGUS—STIFF NECK.

THIRD PRIZE OF £10:

MR. THOMAS J. ROGERS,
173, Dumfries Street, Treherbert, Glam.
Example:—A GOOD TRY.
Bullet:—BARRISTER WIPING AWAY TEAR.

10 Prizes of £5 each:

Mrs. MAUD ROSE, 47, Festing Grove, Southsea, Portsmouth:
ANSWERING BACK—EXPERIENCED HUBBY LIGHTS PIPE.

SUSAN STROUD 30, Sea Road, Boscombe, Bournemouth:
WAR SPIRIT—TOMMY PACKS FOOTBALL.

Miss EDITH FEDARB, 57a, West Hill, Sydenham, S.E.:
A WONDER—WHERE "FORD" WILL STOP.
(Sent in on a Free "Target" Prize Coupon.)

Mrs. F. KEMP, "Whitby," Hamilton Crescent, Palmers Green, N.13:
TYING THE KNOT—AWKWARD IF CONTORTIONIST FAILS.

A. C. FOSTER, 110, Maynard Road, Walthamstow, E.17:
LIVE WIRE—DOES PROGRESSIVE WIFE'S HOUSEWORK.

J. HOBDAY, 1 01, Prescott Street, Brookfield, Birmingham:
PUT OUT—THINKING—BY MAJORITY.

Mrs. S. J. CHURCHILL, Rochester Villa, Avenue Road, Brockenhurst, Hants:
YOUNG TURKS—SENT WINSTON A FEZ.

Mrs. D. H. WARREN, 134, New Street, Brightlingsea:
ANSWERING BACK—"YOU GOAT!"—"YES, FATHER."

C. M. SEAMONS, 51, Lyndhurst Road, Wood Green, N.22:
FINISHED—TO-DAY'S REVENUE—YESTERDAY.
(Sent in on a Free "Target" Prize Coupon.)

Miss J. BAKER, 73, Estcourt Road, Woodside, S.E.25:
FINISHED—SLOT MACHINES IN RUSSIA.

10 Prizes of £2 10s. each:

T. E. HARDEN, 74, Carlisle Place, Bradford, Yorks:
WHY SHE REFUSED—TO DANCE—BEADS BROKE.

WILLIAM PRICE, 9, Knighton Street, Hepthorne Lane, Chesterfield:
FIRST DAY—WHO'S BOSS?—PUZZLES WORKMAN.
Sent in on a Free "Target" Prize Coupon.)

GEORGE CARRICK, 69, Havelock Street, Hessle Road, Hull:
WISELY TO BURN—PASSPORT TO "BRIGHTER LONDON."

Mrs. I. SCARNELL, 3, West Street, Hertford:
CLEARING THE GOAL—WHEN VICTIM PRODUCES WALLET.

W. F. GRIFFIN, 6, Vernon Square, Ryde, I.O.W.:
OUR HER OWN—FRANCE WOULD FEEL LONELY.

FRANK PURSE, 9, Bouverie Street, Easton, Bristol:
VILLAGE IDIOT—SELDOM, "SOFT" ABOUT DRINKS.

Mrs. BROWN, R.N., H.M.S. Glorious, Devonport:
GIRLS AND BOYS—STOWAWAYS, WHEN SEEKING ROOMS.

Miss EDITH KEATES, 19, Courtenay Gardens, Upminster:
FASCINATING PASTIME—WISE TEACHER MAKES EDUCATION.

Miss EMILY SOPP, 17, Warham Rd, South Croydon, Surrey:
A DOG'S CHANCE—WHEN DETECTIVES LOSE TRAIL.

C. SEAL Butcher, King Street, Wimblington, Cambs:
FINANCIAL FAILURE—REFUSE TO BE EITHER.

List of Ten-Shilling Prizewinners in "Bullets" Competition No. 461 will be published in next week's "Competitors' Journal." Complete list of all Cash and other Prizewinners can be seen at the Offices of "JOHN BULL."

LIST OF EXAMPLES FOR "BULLETS" COMPETITION NO. 463.

TURKEY
THE WIZARD
A NEW MAN
WIN OR LOSE
SPOILS SPORT
SORRY
WHAT ENGLAND EXPECTS
MONEY WANTED
EAST AND WEST
LEADING LADY
ALL TALK
QUESTION OF COLOUR
OLDEST INHABITANT
BETTER AND BETTER
BULL DOG
MADE TO ORDER
DAMP SQUIB
SWEET AND SOUR
GOOD HIDING
THE REAL THING
DRAINING ENGLAND
TRUTH WILL OUT
NOVEL CHARACTER
AFTER LEAVING SCHOOL
FOOTBALL CROWDS
A BUSY DAY
MY FATE
MODERN EVE
TRUE TO LIFE
POPULAR STAR
MADE LIGHT OF
TISHY

"BULLETS" RULES.

1. The First Prize will be awarded for what, in the opinion of the Judges in consultation with the Editor, is the best "Bullet" received, and the other prizes in order of merit, the test being cleverness, aptness, and originality.

2. Bullets must be plainly written on one of the coupons, and only two attempts may be written on each coupon.

3. All four coupons may be used, and a postal order enclosed at the rate of 6d. for each coupon made use of, which must be made payable to JOHN BULL and crossed & Co. Competitors must write their names and addresses and the date of sending the order on the back of the postal order, the number of which must be duly noted on each coupon submitted. Coupons must not be mutilated.

4. All coupons arriving too late to be judged with absolute thoroughness will be duly returned

5. The Editor undertakes that every "Bullet" received shall have careful consideration by a competent staff of qualified judges.

6. The Editor's decision on any matter of dispute arising in connection with this competition must be accepted as final and legally binding in all respects, and acceptance of this rule is an express condition of entry.

OUR SPECIAL NEWSAGENT'S PRIZES: Cheques for £5, £2 and £1 respectively will be paid to the newsagents from whom the winners of the three chief "Bullets" prizes in Competition No. 463 have purchased their copies of "John Bull."

"BULLETS" MADE EASIER—NO LETTER RESTRICTIONS.

All you have to do is to choose any of the Thirty-two examples given. Then give any Two, Three, or Four words having some bearing on the example chosen. The Two, Three, or Four words you give can **EACH begin with any letter in the alphabet.** This example will guide you: Example:—OUR BUSINESS. Bullet:—WANTS "GINGERING," THEN "PRESERVING." The entry fee for one coupon is 6d. If sending more than one enclose a postal order at the rate of 6d. for each coupon made use of.

ADDRESS ALL COUPONS TO Bullets" No. 463, "John Bull," Long Acre, London, W.C. 2.

No.____ Closing Date, Thursday, October 26.
Example____
Bullet____
Example____
Bullet____
(463) P.O. No.____
I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on this page.
With 1 coupon send P.O. for 6d.
Signed____
Address____

If unable to secure extra coupons you can write your "Bullets" on plain paper.

No.____ Closing Date, Thursday, October 26.
Example____
Bullet____
Example____
Bullet____
(463) P.O. No.____
I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on this page.
With 2 coupons, send P.O. for 1s.
Signed____
Address____

No.____ Closing Date, Thursday, October 26.
Example____
Bullet____
Example____
Bullet____
(463) P.O. No.____
I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on this page.
With 3 coupons, send P.O. for 1s. 6d.
Signed____
Address____

No.____ Closing Date, Thursday, October 26.
Example____
Bullet____
Example____
Bullet____
(463) P.O. No.____
I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on this page.
With 4 coupons, send P.O. for 2s.
Signed____
Address____

SELECTION OF EXAMPLES FOR "BULLETS" COMPETITION No. 464.

PEACE—AGAINST NATURE—CROSS COUNTRY—CLUBLAND—SOFT DRINKS A NICE HOUSE—SILENT MEMBER—ON EASY TERMS—DIPLOMATIC—LOVE MATCHES MAN AND BOY—IN AMERICA WHEN CURATE CALLS—KEPT BUSY—HIS DAY'S WORK—FOOLISH WIVES—BIG GUNS—IN THE MORNING—PROUD BOAST—CUP OF SORROW.

These examples can be made use of on the Coupons above, and must reach us on or before **THURSDAY, November 2nd.** All Coupons so used **MUST** be marked clearly with the number **464** in the top left-hand corner, and envelopes containing these Coupons must be addressed "Bullets" No. 464, JOHN BULL, Long Acre, London, W.C. 2. Such Coupons must not contain any of the Thirty-two Examples for Competition No. 463.

The original cheque for £1,000 awarded to the first prize-winner in "Bullets" Competition No. 460 can now be seen in the window of Mr. T. JONES, Newsagent, 9, Commercial Street, Cwmbran, Mon.

CLARNICO

Painting the Lily

CLARNICO LILY BRAZILS

THE NEW CONFECTION.

"Lily" is for purity, and "Brazil" is where the nuts come from—those favourite nuts whose selected clean-cut kernels are here blended with a revelation in Caramel-making of unsurpassed flavour and texture.

Per **8d.** ½ lb.

Of Confectioners—everywhere.

CLARKE, NICKOLLS & COOMBS, LTD., Victoria Park, London.
Founded in 1872.

CLARNICO LILY BRAZILS

Materials and Instructions for making the

'BLACK CAT' FANCY DRESS COSTUME

THIS most attractive costume in Orange and Black Dennison Crepe can be made up from the simple illustrated instructions in a very short time.

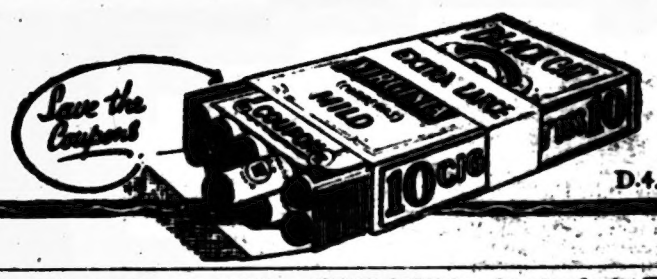
It is acknowledged by the Press to be the most striking costume

Send 50 Coupons to-day—or write for Lucky Gift Book and 5 free coupons and start collecting NOW.

BLACK CAT CIGARETTE CO., (Dept. 8), 238, City Road, E.C.1.

10 *for* 6d.

Black Cat
VIRGINIA CIGARETTES



D.4.

Eczema & Rashes

Irritating Blotching, but Cured Completely by Germolene

Mrs. Hutson, 141, Ashford Road, Eastbourne, says: "I suffered from eczema on both legs from the knees to the ankles and the irritation was frightening. Scratching only made it spread. All treatment failed and I had suffered 14 months when I got Germolene. It was wonderfully cooling and healing. Soon there was improvement. I took Germolene, too, and now I am quite cured and well."

FOUR MEDALS AWARDED.

Prices 1/3 and 3/-. Of all Chemists.

Germolene

THE

CITY LIFE Assurance Co., Ltd.

HEAD OFFICE:
CITY LIFE HOUSE,
Old Jewry, London, E.C.2
Telephone: CITY 9543.

Assets Exceed - £1,000,000
Premium Income Exceeds £450,000
Claims Paid Exceed - £1,600,000
Advances Made Exceed £2,250,000

Managing Director.
LEONARD ALDRIDGE.

"NOTIONS" THE COMPETITORS' UTILITY BOOK.

The Biggest and Brightest Budget of Competition Ammunition ever issued. Classified Phrases Alphabetically arranged Brain Waves, Exclusive Ideas and Informative Articles.

"NOTIONS" does not contain one word of "padding," nor one sentence which does not bear directly upon the subject in which all competitors are enthusiastically interested—HOW TO WIN.

Prepared by experts, under the direction of a Specialist. "NOTIONS" is the book PAR EXCELLENCE which ought to be in your hands. Just issued, testimonials from early readers testify emphatically to its excellence.

A HUNDRED DOUBLE-MEANING EFFORTS IN TEN MINUTES.

"NOTIONS" THE BOOK FOR IDEAS!

COMPETITORS — TRY IT, FREE!

The price is 1/- and 2d. for postage, but you are invited to try the book Free of Charge. Just send 2d. for postage and we will send you the book. If you are satisfied with it send the 1/-, and if not, return within 7 days and you will be under no further obligation.

I DO NOT SELL LINES—THERE'S NOTHING ELSE TO BUY.

GET "NOTIONS" AND MAKE YOUR OWN EFFORTS.
The Book that is bound to break your losing sequence.
ADDRESS ALL LETTERS, ETC.—

A. L. SAWYER, 5, PRIORY PARK ROAD, KILBURN, LONDON, N.W.

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